

MACLEAN'S

GANGS OF B.C.
Who's to blame for
Sikh violence

LADIES NOT WAITING
Young single women, getting
down to business and babies

TOLKIEN RULES
Lord of the Bookshelves—
and yes, the movies too

JUSTIN TRUDEAU 'WHEN I RUN'

By Jonathon Gatehouse

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BULOVA



Bulova Timepieces
Start From
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Keeping Canada'sTime for Generations



THE FUNDAMENTAL FOTH

In Allan Fotheringham's final regular column, he looks ahead—as always

LET'S BEGIN with some unusual news—a tribute to a man who has been inextricably linked with *Maclean's* since his first column ran on our back page in 1975. This week marks the last regular column by Allan Fotheringham (although we hope he will contribute occasional essays/features). Foth's last may wonder why we're not making a bigger deal of the occasion, given the enormous impact he has had on this magazine—and readers from coast to coast—for more than a quarter of a century. His views, sharp, frank, at times, if not with three book projects in hand, reports often done, as he said recently, "are greatly exaggerated." Absolutely. That said, we couldn't let this occasion go by unremarked-upon, so we thought Peter C. Newman, his long-time colleague and the man who, as editor, brought him onto *Maclean's* back page from his position as columnist for the *Newsweek* firm, was the obvious choice to write our tribute. Peter does so on page 48—eight across from Foth's column on page 41.

It's hard to believe now that when Foth began with *Maclean's*, he was, as Peter notes, largely unknown outside Vancouver—where he was quite notorious, in the best of ways. Over time, that notoriety spread, and I've always had the impression that white Foth, like most of us, never made peace, he cherished the opportunity he assumed every day as much—or more. It's regally typical that in this last column, he looks ahead rather than back, for a guy who's always seeking new windmills to tilt against, there could be no other way. As usual.

FAME, of the real high voltage, incandescent variety, has always attracted me as a mixed blessing—all the more for the somewhat daughters of celebrities. People who create their own fame by becoming, perhaps, a film star, musician, or high-profile politician—simply accept the reality that their life is always under scrutiny. Not so with their sons and daughters, born in a media baroque not of their own making, and destined to the lives



Peter Bregg looks up to Justin Trudeau

always associated against, what their famous parent might have done. Sure, there's an upside: celebrity families are often wealthy, and the money is useful when looking for, say, a good table in a crowded restaurant. But the price for that is the *quarant* in which celebrity offspring are able—or not—to build lives independent of family baggage.

Which brings us to Justin Trudeau, son of Pierre and Margaret, and the subject of our cover profile by National Affairs Correspondent Jonathan Gershon (page 26). As Gershon reports, Justin—whose parents tried hard to shield their three boys from the spotlight as children—has spent a lot of time coming to grips, since there is no escape from his fame, to best use it to achieve his own goals. Politics looks to be in his future, though he won't say when. Chief Minister, perhaps? Peter Bregg, who first met Pierre Trudeau in 1968, says of the son that "his soft or features gave me a hint of Margaret, but his manner and playfulness were completely the Pierre. Justin Trudeau I photographed thousands of times." An example of that playfulness on the part of the son took two Justin (with Bregg) appears above.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN GERSHON FOR THE EDITOR'S LETTER

MACLEAN'S

EDITOR'S LETTER • BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

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"Great cover story on the Bible! Now do the same—as a cover story—on the Koran, preferably at the beginning of Ramadan." —TOD OSSEL, Vancouver

What would Jesus say?

"What this article [in the Good Book] had his say?" Covers, Dec. 5/11 tells me in that God does not release his secrets easily to the heathen. They would find more answers if they put aside their swords and dug hungrily into the scriptures instead.

J.W. Tolford, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The people attacking the Bible may be, unfortunately, too smart: They should say something to their hearts more and their brains less. I'm playing it safe and trying to be brave, as a child would believe his father or mother, that the Good Book is completely true. That God has kept his word exact.

R.F. Light, Pitt Meadows, B.C.

But burn it! The editors of *Maclean's* should be complimented on their laudable choice of printing this article just as hundreds of millions of Bible-believing Christians are discerning their thoughts toward the celebration of the birth of Jesus, the Word.

Mel Tucker, Sussex, B.C.

World-class Toronto today shows the better fruits of turning away from the Good Book. Churches are empty. Murder is getting as common as the traffic and weather reports. The conventional establishment which destroyed the old Canada to give us the present social, religious and moral wasteland did not sell out our heritage for a mass of postage—they threw it to the winds for gravel. The perfidious huffing and puffing from the ivory tower is to the more seasonal entertainment. I pity any reader who takes it seriously. I gladly stop my ears to the worldly-wise decay of the scholars. I'm glad to be a Baptist.

Ray John Peter Bodnar, Toronto

"To the lord of mud that replaces Anne Dineen [AD] with Common Sense [CE] should I've got a deeper and deeper Wednesday with Common Day because it's named after Woden, the sapienter day in Toronto's mythology." Yes, when I reflect on Woden, I don't get anything like the same inner



peace I get when thinking about the past arches, the apostles and Christ. I think a large reason for this drive to skepticism and woad revision is an effort to get rid of scandalous and mysterious, and I think that if Wodenism as much as Abraham or Christ to anyone, the most basic academics would have their way with him, too.

Jordan Ryle, Kelowna, B.C.

History, scholasticism. There is enough found in these highly edited texts to sustain a powerful faith movement without the scholasticism. I'm with those who say: no myth and many truths. The power of the Bible does not come from thorns and figs, it

IT'S NOT FOR US, OR ARCHAEOLOGISTS, TO QUESTION THE VERACITY OF THE BIBLE, ACCORDING to a multitude of our readers. "Those of us who believe that Christ was a God who walked on this planet do not need to dig holes in the ground to prove this," wrote Ben Higgins of Kelowna, B.C. Bert Worlton of Abbotsford, B.C., cited an "authoritative Bible truth": a tree is known by its fruit. "While the experts do their best to pick it apart," he wrote, "the Bible just goes on and on producing good fruit."

comes from the faith of those who had special experiences and shared them.

Rev. Robert G. Reid, Toronto

Have none of you in the media any faith? Are you all atheists? The Bible is not something to analyze, it is something to treasure and learn from. Leave it be, learn from it, and stop wasting precious dollars on trying to figure out how accurate it is. This was a huge waste of time.

Michael MacDonald, Ontario

Thank you for such a timely cover story. Bruce Bethune asserts that the "great biblical themes—man's relationship with God, atonement and forgiveness, the call to ethical and social responsibility, the absolute worth of the individual—have formed the essential Western way of seeing the human condition, as much for non-believers as for the faithful." If so, one wonders what is really stopping the major powers from preventing social misery, irreconcilable military conflicts and huge environmental tragedies? Could it be their ultimate belief in American power and endless material progress? *Maclean's* and other media can continue to provide a vanguard service by prophetically challenging their readers and our leaders to think and act more consistently in harmony with the great biblical themes of enduring peace and equal justice for all people.

Garned Vandenberg, Toronto

Congratulations for an excellent article. I am a humble amateur Bible student and first learned of the misinterpretation in the Bible in the '70s. Unfortunately some of my friends in my church community seem to believe God held the pen and wrote the Bible, and that it came down from heaven already printed in the King James Version.

D.B. Bartlett, London, Ont.

Health-care havoc

How predictable. It took \$25 million for a left wing, former premier of the province known as the birthplace of socialism to put together a left wing socialist prescription for Canada's health-care system. "The medicine challenge," Health, Dec. 5/11. His response takes a close look at the state of health care in these days? Success leaves chaos, and so does failure. In high-heeled or health care, decades of socialist policies have left their



track on Saskatchewan. Let's not reproduce that failure at a national level.

Owen Schick, Saskatoon, Alta.

The Roomnews column neglected to search on the causes of our ever increasing patient load and the frequency of medical treatments. The reasons are obvious. Many Canadians are leading a life of gluttony—food, drink, drugs, tobacco, etc.—and becoming unhealthy victims of their excesses. We must return to traditional cooking, rediscover red meat and adjust portions to our busy lifestyle.

Herl Stibbenberg, Winnipeg

While there is a real need for all the things that Roomnews discussed, let's raise fundamental issues. We must teach people how to eat healthy food and to exercise. We should not provide free care to the folks who smoke, or to those who won't care for themselves or their children through common-sense living. Don't treat people who are not willing to help themselves! The estate of the person who was kept alive through extraordinary pain, devastating humiliation or sexual cruelty should have the right to sue the lawyer or institution that prolonged their death.

Wrest E. Ross, Colorado Springs, Colo.

In defence of Germany

It is hard to see a columnist of Donald Coxe's intellectual stature espouse the primitive reflex reaction to Germany's anti-war stance and go so far as to misrepresent the statements made by one of the German cabinet members ("End of the miracle," Colucci, Dec. 9). Bush was never compared with Hitler. Who was so naive that the Bush government is using some of the Bush propaganda techniques. Seeing and hearing the explicit statements about the Iraqis coming from Bush and the U.S. government, I am constantly reminded of that dark age in the history of the country where I was born and raised. Germany was grateful for what the U.S. had done for them, but to expect them out of gratitude to support every U.S. government policy is unenlightened.

Klaus Reichardt, North Vancouver, B.C.

Donald Coxe's viewpoint on the failing German economy made me smile. He blames the downturn on shorts on "socialist" Chancellor Gerhard Schröder, a "henric" who



Roomnews's societal prescription?

has "lost sight of the real objective." I would invite Mr. Coxe to consider his own facile adherence to the dominant free-market ideology that assumes the invisible hand will bring prosperity to all. This free-market belief persists despite the collapse of multiple economies and the daily death of millions due to a lack of basic food, shelter and medicine. It is our corporate-dominated mindset that has lost sight of the real objective—an economy that provides a high quality, sustainable way of life for all.

Dr. Jeffrey Gaudet, Vancouver

Les (the) gloves are off

In response to Benoit Aubin's article on how bilingualism is saving Canada ("Speaking in tongues," Envy, Dec. 9), how nice of him to forgive us our hate in Alberta when we recently had the audacity to even think of eliminating the French version of "O Canada." Living in the midst of a dual-city with only my pickup truck and a dog by my side, I guess I forget what the world was like, i.e., Montreal, except: What the French don't like about the West is that we are predominantly English (got over it), we don't allow them to have their own way every time and, God forbid, we make decisions on our own without considering the long-term effects they may have on Quebec. No matter how many times you try to tell the country that bilingualism works, Mr. Aubin, sometimes it doesn't.

Berry Halsey, Edmonton

Benoit Aubin must have written his piece while wearing his rose-colored glasses or under the influence of Grey Cup euphoria. The French language means next to nothing west of the central time zone, except in

federal matters. To say that bilingualism will save the country is a bigger stretch than Pamela Anderson's bra.

M. D. Walsh, Kelowna, B.C.

So bilingualism is saving the country? Well then, I guess I can expect to see that word added to the National War Memorial any day now. Can't wait to know so soon.

Douglas L. Martin, Hamilton, Ont.

Bilingualism, as Benoit Aubin says, is a real asset, but in Ontario, it's an asset only if it belongs to an anglophone. Up until a few years ago, francophones in Ontario were totally ignored if not downright snubbed by anglophones. We can read, write, joke, swear, count and do most any other thing in Canada's two official languages, yet when it comes to getting jobs in positions declared "bilingual" only bilingual anglophones need apply.

André G. Fournier, Windsor, Ont.

A moment by any other name

Regarding Julian Barnes's story "Sorry is the hardest word" (Polina, Dec. 9), I'm not sure an immediate, albeit and unwelcome apology by Prime Minister Duceau for referring to President Bush as a "moron" would have saved her. I think she would have had to go further and comment on the substance of her remarks—namely Mr. Bush's intelligence. The difficulty is that if she said Mr. Bush is quite intelligent and well read, she would not truly have been believed, and would have courted the risk of seeming sarcastic. In these times when, the subject of Mr. Bush's modest intellect (if not coupled with extraordinary qualities which have made him popular and successful) is just too sensitive to mention.

Jeff Schillerstein, London, Ont.

Kissinger to the rescue . . . or not

On Sept. 11, 1973, President Salvador Allende of Chile was assassinated in a bloody coup that brought down his democratically elected socialist government. Recently declassified documents prove that this coup was supported by the then U.S. secretary of state, Henry Kissinger. President Bush has now appointed the same Kissinger (Passages, Dec. 9) as head of the investigation commission to investigate the tragedy of the Sept. 11, 2001 attacks. Does Bush see the loop?

Paula K. Bernstein, Salmon Arm, B.C.

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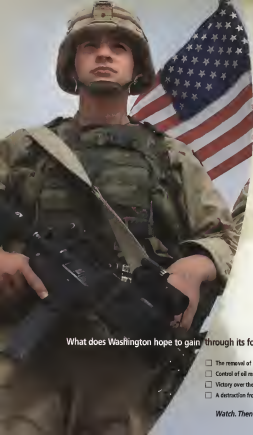
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What does Washington hope to gain through its foreign policy?

- ☐ The removal of nuclear threats
- ☐ Control of oil reserves
- ☐ Victory over the Axis of Evil
- ☐ A distraction from the home front

Watch. Then decide.

MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



EVERYONE A HERO

Imagine an Olympic Games that were exclusively about the thrill of competition and the joy of pure sport. No scandals, no controversy, just the incredible sensation that comes with athletic endeavour itself. That's the appeal of the Special Olympics, which provides sports opportunities for people with a mental disability.

More than 25,000 Canadian athletes of all ages participate in such programs, thanks to the efforts of Special Olympics Canada (SOC), a national not-for-profit organization, and Sports Celebrities Festival (SCF), its fund-raising arm. Recently, more than 2,500 guests and 50 of the country's best-known sports names, including Toronto Blue Jays first baseman Carlos Delgado (above right, signing autographs), gathered to celebrate the 20th annual national SCF day for Special Olympics in Canada.

The event, which raised more than \$200,000, was inspiring, says Nathalie Cook, director of sponsorship for SOC. "We had a full day of activities, including breakfast, featuring keynote speaker Danielle Savigneau, the head coach of Canada's Olympic gold medal-winning women's hockey team, the Darryl Sittler celebrity/media floor hockey game, and a black-tie dinner and silent auction.

"It's a testament to the spirit of our cause that we attract so many high-profile performers to this event," she adds. "Their support greatly contributes to the success of Sports Celebrities Festival Day."

Cook also pays tribute to Maclean's, which has been a proud sponsor of Special Olympics Canada since 1993.

"The involvement of Canada's national newsmagazine allows us to provide other sponsors with invaluable publicity. There's no question that Maclean's presence helps to build relationships with all of our sponsors and enables us to attract new ones."

Watch for a future *Behind the Scenes* on Special Olympian Ada Chan, a rhythmic gymnast and swimmer from Nepean, Ont.

For further information, contact behindthescenes@maclean.ca

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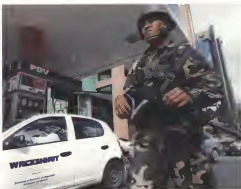
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GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS



THEWEEK



Venezuela | The nation flounders as its leader refuses to heed his foes

Combat troops protected gas stations, queues outside Caracas banks stretched hundreds of miles, punched residents' radios, supermarketers' food supplies dwindled. And across Venezuela, people braced for more street demonstrations and violence after César Gaviria, the secretary general of the Organization of American States, said he had made little progress in his attempt to arrange a truce between President Hugo Chávez's left-wing government and the striking coalition of police, parties and business groups aligned against him. The opposition, organized under a leadership calling itself the Democratic Coordinating Board, claims Chávez's economic policies have been ruinous and warn him to call an election, something he does not have to do until 2006. Despite the economic chaos caused by the strike, which began on Dec. 2, Rafael Alliana, a leading opposition negotiator, said Chávez's opponents have no

intention of backing down. "The water is only up to Chávez's mouth," Alliana said. "We think it will soon be up to his nose." Chávez, who was elected twice on a promise to help Venezuela's impoverished majority, was removed by a military-led coup in April following a similar national strike. The coup failed and he resumed office two days later. This time, the opposition hopes to oust him by holding a binding referendum that would force an immediate election. But Chávez is refusing to budge, even as the country's economy declines further. Particularly hard hit are critical oil exports, which have fallen by 70 percent since the strike began. In an attempt to revive the trade in oil, Chávez last week ordered the army to take over two fully laden tankers from the striking crews. But without orders to move them, the ships continued stranded in port—even in Venezuela moved closer to the brink of collapse.

Chávez rallies supporters outside the presidential palace in Caracas



ScoreCard

► **Iran's Midway:** Long-vetted Pin hits outside the halfway home run. Mitt Romney Sr. and J. and J. built the U.S. cabinet. Iran, not Mitt Romney Sr., while current PM is vice versa.

► **Catherine's Credit:** Japan through fight back. Mitt Romney Sr. and J. built the U.S. cabinet. Iran, not Mitt Romney Sr., while current PM is vice versa.

► **Father's Lasting:** Mitt Romney Sr. and J. built the U.S. cabinet. Iran, not Mitt Romney Sr., while current PM is vice versa.

► **Map:** Mitt Romney Sr. and J. built the U.S. cabinet. Iran, not Mitt Romney Sr., while current PM is vice versa.

Quote of the week "We've got six different security groups on the Hill, including some who are not as well-trained as others. I think we've got to look at that whole system."

ALLIANCE HOUR LEADER JOHN REYNOLDS, a Pin hit man walked into the Longview Block and left a grenade (not live) on the front desk



Art | The Seagram Building collection on the block

It opened in 1958, designed by famed architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe—and has been prized as one of the most remarkable structures of the 20th century. Almost as breath-taking was the art collection: members of the Bronfman family went on to assemble in New York's Seagram Building, with works by such renowned artists as Pablo Picasso, Joan Miró and Alfred Stieglitz adding to the 10-stories tower's luster. That was then. In 2008, Edgar Bronfman Jr. sold the family firm, including the collection, to French conglomerate LVMH, run by the flamboyant in-law ultra-Monaco Bill Wynn. Forced out of the company last July, LVMH now has to raise money. And French, now home financial firm and under investigation by a number of agencies, may soon part the two great art collections, conservatively valued at \$24 million, on the block.

Kyoto nears

The House of Commons voted to support ratification of the Kyoto Protocol by a vote of 265 to 77. "I'm very happy—a surprise," declared Jean Charest. After the Senate also votes in support of Kyoto, a move expected soon, the accord will be ratified when the Prime Minister and four other federal ministers sign the official order. Alliance Leader Stephen Harper disarmed the government for pushing ahead without full details on how Kyoto targets for cutting greenhouse gases to no per cent below 1990 levels can be achieved. The accord has some

Phyllis Lambert, who convinced her father, jointly with her husband Samuel Bronfman, to hire Mies to design the building, was also instrumental in assembling the collection, along with brothers Charles and Edgar Jr. Last week, she announced plans to sell her father's plans. "This is part of a Greek tragedy," she said. "I'm heartbroken—these collections are really part of the heritage of New York." She said at least one piece—a seven-meter-high curtain painted by Picasso for the Sergei Diaghilev ballet. To preserve it, she said, she will sell the works between the two rooms of the building's four Seasons restaurant, and a smaller from Park Avenue. Others believed it will be sold at the end of the month. "I consider it an integral part of the architecture," said Philip Johnson, who designed the interior. "It's also very delicate and could get damaged if it were moved."

underlying fire from critics who say it will cost the economy billions of dollars.

Squeaking by

Support for independence may have slipped in Quebec, but the beleaguered Bloc Québécois still managed to squeak out narrow victories over the Liberals in two federal by-elections. Thiéssy won 50.1 per cent of the vote in Berthier-Montmagny, still 48.1 per cent in Lac-Bouché. Jean Giguère, both of whom they had held previously. Alliance Leader Odysse Desautels has come under the strain of his own MPs as support for the

party has slipped in recent months. The Liberals still hold a comfortable 169-seat majority in the House.

The Old South rears its head

Senate Republican leader Trent Lott apologized for comments about how good he was that his state of Mississippi would be regressing to pre-civil war conditions. Lott (Republican) in 1998. Speaking on the occasion of Senator Thurmond's 100th birthday, Lott said, "If the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn't have had all these problems over all these years." As critics called on Lott to step down, George W. Bush rebuked the senator (Lott said he had been misinterpreted) but did not call for his resignation. In the Supreme Court, meanwhile, justices wrestled with the question of whether a Virginia law banning cross burning was unconstitutional.

Linguistic mosaic

According to Statistics Canada, between 1996 and 2001 the number of people living in Chinese in their mother tongue grew by almost 18 per cent, to 872,600 or 2.9 per cent of Canada's population. English speakers remained in first place, although the percentage had dropped to 59.1 from 59.8, with French speakers in second place at 22.9 per cent. Chinese was third, Italian fourth, German fifth and Portuguese sixth.

Homes at last

As proponents continued to press the case for their new community of Nanaimo, the town of Delta Island learned that the federal government will build more homes for the band. Under the original 1995 education agreement, Canada was to build 135 homes. But the population of the impoverished island community off the coast of Labrador has grown. Ottawa will now build another 77 homes in the new mainland community. The project is behind schedule, but the first 30 families were scheduled to move over the weekend.

Nissinger quits

Citing potential conflicts of interest with private sector clients, former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger resigned from a panel investigating the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. Earlier in the week, vice-chairman George Mitchell also resigned, partly because of pressure to quit his law firm.

Mansbridge | On the Record



IT'S TV TIME FOR THE PM

Here comes the annual ritual, with pre-packaged answers to obvious questions

THIS WEEK, the television news begin their annual trek to Rideau Gate, one of Ottawa's great little secrets. It's the location often used by visiting dignitaries—across from 24 Sussex Drive, beside Government House—and right on the edge of that wonderful rough-hewn road called New Edinburgh.

Rideau Gate has hosted some of the world's most famous people, as evidenced by the pictures on the grand piano Nelson Mandela, Luch Wladu, and François Mitterrand, to mention a few, smile out at you from above the steps.

So what are the TV types doing there this week? Sure, they're broadcasting it this time of year for the past couple of decades. Serving up for the Prime Minister's year-end interview—an event that used to mean something, but has, over the years, become more of a publicist stunt and appointment television. But we're the networks—and they're the Prime Minister's Office—keep on trying.

When Pierre Trudeau was the prime minister, there was just one year-end interview, usually with the respected CTV commentator Brian Phillips. One year, news made real news when Trudeau remarked that the free market system might not be working any more. There was quite the outrage in that

one—almost a riot in the streets about the double-digit inflation that had plagued the economy.

I was involved in a couple of year-end interviews with Trudeau. While there was no doubt that he'd come to brief us into what to expect, you never had the feeling the answers were scripted. Trudeau never had a lot of time for the media, but he seemed to enjoy the cut and thrust of a good interview, especially as he did it dressed in well-tailored suits. On both occasions he'd dress in the end of the session, Joe Clark, John Turner and Kim Campbell never had a chance for year-end interviews while in the top job, so how they would have lived the moment is a mystery.

Brian Mulroney loved the year-end interview and he started adding more networks: English and French, private and public. We each got our time by the Rideau Gate fireplace, with the log burning, and the Canadian flag, usually located over the Mulroney shoulder. But this PM had a "message track." He knew exactly what he wanted to say, and it didn't really matter what the questions were, because he'd find a way to say it. I can't remember any major news stories coming out of those sessions, and that's probably exactly what the Mulroney PMO wanted. One



Chrétien, with our writer at the '94 Town Hall, thought it was fair—and he read the review

either thing brought to this little dance during the Mulroney era was the past interview photo-op no matter how the interview had gone—and there were some that had some tension—he'd stand in the room with all the TV people and have his picture taken. Some would even get a signed copy a few weeks later. One year I got one, he wrote something on it about my tie, but had no comment about my questions.

Which brings us to the current concept of the PM's chair. By the early '90s, we had one of the traditional "sit down at the fireplace" format because it had become so predictable. So we proposed the Town Hall idea. The Chrétien PMO embraced it at first and the view from Shawinigan looked pretty good doing it for a couple of years—until a woman from Montreal got up one year and wanted to know why he broke his promise on keeping the GST. That was Jean Chrétien's last town hall—even though he stayed in one moment after it was over and said he'd really enjoyed it. "Just like Question Period," he said. "What he didn't really say was the point he took in the media and from inside his own party after the broadcast ended."

So it's back to those high-backed chairs at Rideau Gate, and the pre-packaged answers to all the obvious questions. "Will it be Rousseau or Kirby?" "Noyes or Klenz?" "War or no war?" Hanging tough or leaving early? There may be some hard news in the answers, but don't hold your breath. You'll certainly see the results all over your television screen, though, because Chrétien has made the format a live one. At last count, he was doing television interviews with CBC, CTV, CBC, TVA, CTV and Global. If you really suffer through all of them, you'll notice he doesn't even change the phrasing in the key answers.

But in every network's life, does he could have done so many more. Has he not heard about the quality channel? Why didn't he buy out HGTV Canada? Have you ever seen those flower beds at 24 Sussex? The Travel Channel? I mean, who's travelled more in the past year than Jean Chrétien?

Then there are all the channels still to come. There isn't someone applied for a "Legacy TV" channel? He'd certainly do that one.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC's Newsworld and Anchor of the National. In comment: letters@petermans.ca



Connell's pituitary may leave her in dry dock

Dramatic recovery

His fall down a steep, rocky cliff crushed his spine but, against the odds, Mike Flanagan appears to be making a dramatic recovery. Dr. Marcel Desnick, who is treating Flanagan at Vancouver's General Hospital, said the former B.C. premier is regaining movement in his right leg and arm, although the chance of a complete recovery is remote. "His spirit remains irrefragable," Desnick said. "He is a amazing individual."

Banks | Wedding bells could soon chime for the Big Five

It's the longest, unconsummated relationship since Elizabeth and Prince Philip. But the marriage of at least some of Canada's big banks looks more likely now that a federal panel has weighed in, negatively in favour. A committee chaired by Liberal Senator Leo Killion called for weak open competition among financial institutions, including foreign ones. It said the country could probably handle two mergers among the Big Five banks, although three would likely be too many, since that would leave only a pair of giants standing. The senators said politicians should get out of the process—currently, complex public hearings are required. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien also recently quashed a bid by the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of Montreal to get going very far. That was the first time since the Liberals slipped the Big Five merger attempt four years ago.

Top Canadian bankers have long argued that their institutions are being dwarfed on the world stage. Two decades ago, four Canadian

Flag flap

When Montreal swimmer Jennifer Connell received her silver bachelorette medal at the Commonwealth Games in Manchester last summer, she carried a small Quebec flag. Connell, 23, a bilingual anglophone who has made up part of her life as a Canadian nationalist, and her gesture was interpreted as thanks for her home province. But last week, news broke that Dave Johnson, Canada's head swim coach, had recommended she be suspended six months, leaving her action to the black power salute at the 1998 Olympics. Seven months responded by circulating a picture of gold medal speed skater Catriona Le May Doan doing a victory lap with both the Saskatchewan and national flags at the 1998 Winter Olympics.

The debate over Hezbollah

After intense pressure from the Canadian Alliance and Jewish lobby groups, the Liberal government passed a total ban on Hezbollah. Ottawa had previously tried to restrict fundraising only by the Lebanon-based terrorist organization's military wing, saying its political wing was engaged in non-militarist activities. Outraged Arab groups called on the government to also put a ban on Jewish organizations that raise money for settlements in the occupied territories.

Passages

DIED In 1948, **Lu Casullo** of South Porcupine, Ont., joined the Toronto Maple Leafs in the five Stanley Cup playoff games he played that year. Costello had two goals and two assists. He quit in 1950 to enter the army, though he continued to play hockey with the Flying Fathers, a group of priests who have raised more than \$4 million for charity since Costello co-founded the team in 1962. Costello, 74, who settled in Toronto, Ont., died after falling into a coma from a brain injury sustained during a Flying Fathers hockey game.



DIED Claire Miralieu, 15, an A-level student, died in her sleep at her family's Oak Bay, B.C., home. Her quest to study and communicate, despite a genetic disability that left her without muscle control or speech, was featured in *Maclean's* last July. She inspired the *Clair's Project* fund, friends and staff at the University of Victoria, where she studied classes this fall. Their continuing work is to ensure her communication will be her legacy.

DEPARTING **Constance Cooke**, 60, agreed to step down from her position as president of the University of Winnipeg, 18 months before her five-year term was scheduled to end. The university has sold assets and depleted its reserve funds in an effort to eliminate a \$3.2-million debt and balance its budget.

ANNOUNCED **Arnie Penner**, Anderson and her former rockier husband **Tammy Lee** won US\$1.5 million in damages from the Internet Entertainment Group for invasion of privacy and a copyright breach. IEG sold copies of their homegrown sex tape, which has become the best-selling porn video ever.

SETTLED **Russell Mills**, publisher of the Ottawa Citizen for 10 years, reached an agreement with CanWest Global Communications Corp. last week over his firing last June. Though no details of the settlement were released, Mills, 58, stated that he's confident of the company's intention to be a good owner of the paper and urged readers to renew their subscriptions.

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Politics | Ottawa's musings on marijuana succeed, as always, in pleasing nearly nobody

For a politician, the middle ground is often the safest place to take a stand. But sometimes it's more like being in the centre of a bull's eye. That's where Justice Minister Martin Cauchon found himself last week when he said Ottawa may decriminalize marijuana use early in the new year. He had no sooner said he would consider replacing jail time and a criminal record for pot convictions with fines, than those in favour of fully legalizing marijuana said, not surprisingly, he was not going far enough. Just as quickly opponents trotted out the "slippery slope" argument, claiming any liberalization of the Controlled Drugs and Substances Act would inevitably lead to greater use of drugs, including even hard stuff like

heroin. And to show just how unhappy Cauchon's comments have made them, members of the Bush administration threatened to retaliate by clamping down on all Canadian goods at the U.S.-Canada border.

Cauchon was not alone at the centre of the storm. Paddy Tonerney, the chairwoman of the special parliamentary committee on the non-medical use of drugs, issued a report recommending that the possession and cultivation of up to 30 grams of marijuana should be treated as a regulatory, not criminal, offence (an estimated 600,000 Canadians have records for possession). The report was clear that pot should not be legalized and that trafficking any amount of marijuana should remain a crime. It also excluded hashish and

other cannabis products from the 30-gram provision. Tonerney said letting individuals grow their own small amounts of pot would help strike at gangs that have turned pot growing into a multi-million dollar industry. She added, "The committee hopes that these changes will free resources to pursue other, more serious, criminal activity."

Police are divided: the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police favours decriminalization, but those on the front lines say such talk trivializes drug use. The debate dates back to at least 1953 when marijuana was banned under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. It could rage for another 80 years if Cauchon and his successors decide that even the middle ground is a no-go zone.

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JUSTIN'S TIME

The pressure is mounting for him to go into politics. And for Pierre Elliott Trudeau's oldest son, it has become a question of when, not if, as JONATHAN GATEHOUSE reports.



In Montreal (left), with the nose from his father's closet

"If" suddenly becomes "when" somewhere between the second and third drink. For the past couple of hours, Justin Trudeau has been sitting in the bar of a swanky hotel in Montreal, talking about the future—his future. Christmas Day will mark his 33rd birthday. He's two years removed from his father's death, and the striking eulogy that started the public thinking and Liberal apparachik whispering in his ear: Since moving back home to Quebec from Vancouver last spring, he's been popping up in the media with increasing frequency—promoting *avalanche* snowsuits, lending his name to Katarinik, partying at the Janns. Driving his father's faded Mercedes convertible down St-Catherine Street. There's growing pressure, public and private, to start the second coming rolling.

Trudeau knows it. He's flustered by it. On this day, he's enjoying the intellectual exercise of deconstructing our collective fixation with him and piecing it back together again. "If enough people put you out there, you become something," he says, sipping a C.C. and ginger in his hand. "But I'm far from a finished product. I haven't done anything. I haven't accomplished anything. I'm a moderately engaging, reasonably intelligent 33-year-old, who has an interesting life-like someone who was raised by wolves, or the person that

cultivated an extremely large pumpkin." Or the kid who grew up on Sussex Drive and possesses the same high cheekbones, strong chin and nasal voice as Canada's 15th prime minister.

There's a lot of talk about "sharing the process," and demands that may or may not be made once he finishes the engineering degree he's pursuing at the Université de Montréal. He muses about the conditions that would have to exist to make politics worth his while, and warns our lead that the public might be looking for a return to good old days that never existed. Then, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps on purpose, the conditional clause disappears. "When it happens it will be in my own time," he says. "My father was 20 years older than me when he got into politics. I won't be rushed." The ambitions are lying bare on the bar table between us. It looks like Ottawa is going to become the family business.

THERE'S ONLY BEEN one rock star in Canadian politics. A barking, snorting middle-aged intellectual who dressed a couple of decades younger than he was, but managed to carry it off as heroics. "Rich, sophisticated, athletic, tough and cold enough to carry a terrifying hint of wickedness and danger," George Hukewich, now the federal privacy commissioner, gushed

in his 1978 biography, *Trudeau*.

This description doesn't fit the older man very well. There's something slightly off-kilter about Justin Trudeau—he wears scuffed black boots with his tailored suits—but it steps a long way from the staid menace, both physical and mental, that radiated from his father's core. Tall, lean and graceful, Justin is more likely to give a stranger a hug and a kind word than a cutting remark or a punch in the nose. He wants you to like him. He had never seemed to care.

What has been passed down the line, however, is the sense of all commodities in Canada—the raw, unadorned power of celebrity. For whatever reason, people are drawn to Justin Trudeau.

It's a phenomenon that's in high evidence during a weekend in Ottawa in early November. In town to take part in the 15th anniversary celebrations of Kitchinewik, the 7th-hereditary youth volunteer program named by Senator Jacques Hébert, one of his father's closest friends, Trudeau is wooed and approached everywhere he goes. In the lobby of the Château Laurier it's a teenage girl looking for an autograph. At a core-rental event in Galleria City Hall, real-deal aged women and men keep him busy for almost an hour, posing for pictures. On the sidewalk, in shopping malls and restaurants, people just want to shake his hand. "It makes me a bit uncomfortable, but who isn't so upset?" he asks. "My dad always taught me to be polite, get their name, write a little message if that's what they're looking for. People want the personal connection."

The effort isn't limited to members of the general public. The weekend nonstop interviews in the Ottawa Citizen and *Now*. He is featured on most local TV newscasts and does a lengthy interview with *Shahin Bagheri* on national CBC Radio. As his request, Jean Charest makes time in his schedule to attend Kitchinewik's anniversary gala at the Museum of Civilization. He and Trudeau walk the room together, conferring, flanking, leading of course. *Bagheri*, a fellow Kitchinewik board member and friend of Justin since their days

together at McGill, says the native traditions and other advantages of a political upbringing are even more obvious belted down. Trudeau is lobbying hard to get the federal government to pick up the youth program's \$11.6-million budget. "You go into these meetings with him and made many kids in," he says. "It's like he's been doing it since he was in the womb."

But, a senior policy adviser to Ontario Liberal Leader Dalton McGuinty, says he regularly receives calls from people in the party hoping to harness his friend's skills for their cause, fund-raiser and political events. He declines most of the requests—like other members of Trudeau's inner circle he is concerned about people "misusing that potential." But it says, however, about what exactly he and others are helping Justin see himself for. "He's in the process of achieving that level of certainty about what he believes in." It's too early to commit to politics, Trudeau isn't even a member of the party his father led for 16 years. "But if Justin Trudeau wants to run for office, I don't think he'll have any shortage of people who want to help him out," Burns says with a smile.

Michael Marcolini, the federal Liberal party pollster, says he hasn't yet run Trudeau's name by potential voters, but he's certain the response would be positive. Most Canadians admired his father's vision, integrity and passion, regardless of whether they agreed with his policies, he says. And even if the public doesn't know Justin very well at this point, they suspect he was from the same cloth. "I think he'd be a very attractive candidate," says Marcolini. "He has all the right qualities, not just the name. Justin will do well on his own."

ANYONE WHO HAS ever had to spend time on the election trail—in any country—knows that great orators are at a premium these days. The standard political speech is a rapid blur of cliché, vague promises and promises beginning delivered in a powerless monotone. That's why the ecology got people excited, it played at our hearings and played to our passions.



The kid who grew up on Sussex Drive possesses the same high cheekbones, strong chin and nasal voice as the 15th prime minister.

Automatic and proud: the son captured the public's mood.

In the hours after the funeral, the CBC's own boards lit up with requests to replay the tribute—more than 1,000 calls by the end of the day. The newspaper overflowed with sappy hyperbole. "Justin Trudeau has the national conscience like a thunderbolt," wrote the *Canadian Press*. "A young man buried his dad, a war was born," proclaimed the *Globe and Mail*. "He sees charm and poise from every pore," said the *Red Deer Advocate*.

There were a couple of discerning opinions. *Academy for the National Post* called it "a trenchant overcast of ambivalence." Trudeau "articulated like a third-century modern dancer" in a performance that "was far too ritualized to be manly." His and his mother's death was "dug the winter's in for months."

Trudeau always when I talk about the over-the-top praise and the overly harsh criticism. "I was at it all surprised by the reaction," he says. "I put everything I was given as a son into that eulogy. I was showing myself as his accomplice." He and his brother Sachs had nursed their father through the final months of his fight with cancer; they were prepared for his death. But they hadn't expected the nation's grief to reach their private sorrow. The size of

HE MAKES A POINT OF BRINGING UP HIS SEXUALITY. 'AS A STRAIGHT WHITE MALE...' HE SAYS, PAUSING WITH A LOOK OF MOCK HORROR. 'OOPS, I GUESS I JUST BLEW IT.'



"WHEN IT HAPPENS IT WILL BE IN MY OWN TIME," TRUDEAU SAYS. "MY FATHER WAS 20 YEARS OLDER THAN ME WHEN HE GOT INTO POLITICS. I WON'T BE RUSHED."

thousands who turned out to pay their respects on Parliament Hill, the crowds that lined the tracks as the train returned their father to Montreal for the final time, the spontaneous moments that sprung up across the country. "We were blown away," says Trudeau. The eulogy, written the afternoon before the funeral, was a rare glimpse: a volunteer for Canada, he says. "Yes, it was theatrical. It was as bad as [the Bruce Willis movie] *Armageddon*, punching all those buttons. But that's what it needed to do. It wasn't designed to please journalists."

But losing a home run in your first major league at bat isn't always a good thing. Watching Trudeau today, two years later, it's clear he sometimes struggles with the expectations—his and ours. In speeches, he's always aware of the fence, whether he's cutting a cake or introducing the Prime Minister. At the Museum of Civilization gala, only the third in a series of a proof-reading (he's literally from describing it as "a new original program will just get 736 volunteer place even to fill this job, it's a lesson of hope, a ray of light that will shine across this great country").

And it's not that Trudeau has begun throat to the fry—he is refreshingly frank about his transformation from a little-known Vancouver teacher to a national figure. "I'll really perform the acceptance, you wouldn't

be talking to me right now," he says. Such a documentary filmmaker, but always guardedly guarded in privacy. That's not Justin's style. "I'm out there," he says. "I don't mind the spotlight. I don't mind a good party. I'm like my mom in that way."

But that willingness to keep his career open by playing fence with the media has led him to some places he probably would have been better off avoiding. There was the front-page newspaper story by Jake Richler, the son of Mordecai, comparing the new Mercedes-Benz SL500 roadster to Pierre Trudeau's cherished 1966 vintage, with the accompanying photo of Justin, decked out in shades, arms and legs crossed, leaning against the hood. An image that speaks to someone living off a legacy rather than protecting one. Then there was the time he was quoted in a different media outlet sounding like the poorer boy for apology: "I don't read the newspapers, I don't watch the news. I figure, if something important happens, someone will tell me."

Trudeau points out that his dad did all sorts of weird things on a number of different occasions. True, but at the time, he was making the headlines as prime minister. Public figures also inevitably seem to become targets for gossip and speculation. In Justin's case, it has been rumormongering that he's gay. Anyone who has ever had a chance to

observe him sharing a weekend in the bars along St-Laurent Boulevard probably already knows the answer, but the whispers seem to have eked Trudeau enough that he makes a point of bringing up his sexual life five minutes into our interview. "As a straight, white male..." he says, pausing and adopting a look of much better. "Oops. I guess I just blew it," he jokes.

In the end, the minor missteps and the nasty title have done little to remove the lustre left by his legacy, as demand Trudeau's considerable appeal. And it's hard to deny that he possesses natural gifts that recommend him for some sort of career in the public eye. At McGill, he was on the debating team and in shows. He can hold forth boldly on almost any subject, and loves to probe the other person's arguments for weaknesses, searching for the kill, even if casual conversation. Take his father, he received a classical education at Montreal's Collège Jean de Brecheux. He has a degree from McGill in English literature, a B.A. in education from the University of British Columbia, and is now studying engineering so he can "explore the incredible" of his mind. He has a passionate opinion about practically everything—the media, for trade, the Alouettes, the environment. "I guess as far as the complexity of Canadiana, the idea that we're so virtuous," he declares



Privates then and now (above): Trudeau is noticed and approached everywhere he goes—on the sidewalk, in shopping malls and restaurants, people just want to shake his hand

at one point in the bar. "Look at the facts—we're the largest per capita producers of garbage in the world!" As the conversation progresses, I have to keep moving my glass further and further away from him, for fear that his windfalling seems will puncture his cover story by dropping a beer in my lap.

Joe MacInnis, the Toronto doctor, author and underwater explorer, was a close friend of Pierre Trudeau and has become a mentor to his son. "What he sees in Justin is energy, exuberance and almost boundless potential. I watched him grow up as a fairly shy boy who was exposed to high thinking, individuals, the most challenging circumstances, and taught about responsibility," MacInnis says. "Now he's developing himself on all the fronts that we required." And why is it that so many people seem to want Trudeau to follow in his father's footsteps? MacInnis points to a moment before answering. "He is spent a kind of hope, a kind of promise, because he knows what can be done."

DYNASTIES ARE not unheard of in Canadian politics. W.A.C. Bennett and his son Bill were both premier of British Columbia. David Johnson's son Pierre-Marc and David followed in his footsteps as premier minister of Quebec. Thomas Manning's dad Ernest led Alberta for 25 years. Paul Martin Jr. seems set to make the leap to the big

LONGING FOR PEACE

Iraqis hope the UN finds no evidence of doomsday weapons, SCOTT TAYLOR reports

AT A MILITARY OUTPOST in northern Iraq, officers belonging to Saddam Hussein's armed Republican Guard peer across the desert in search of the enemy they believe will soon be attacking. "We have been advised that U.S. special forces troops are already operating in our region," says Sgt. Ahmed Noon, 38, a heavy-set 20-year veteran. He longs for one more chance to fight the Americans—and he hopes to someday meet a U.S. soldier face to face on the battlefield. "Whoever fought the Kurdish rebels and the Iranian army, they fought with courage," Noon told McClain's. "But when we fought the Americans in Kuwait in 1991 it was different. We never saw an American. They faded in from the sky without us being able to fight back."

The U.S. is once again building up its forces in the region, but if Hussein's soldiers under Noon's command will certainly face a barrage of missiles and bombs long before they see an American soldier. And judging by the condition of Noon's troops, it's doubtful they would live in a desert encounter with U.S. ground forces. With their armoured vehicles either destroyed during the Gulf War or immobilized for lack of spare parts, the Iraqi army uses battered civilian pickup trucks for transport. There are very few heavy weapons in evidence, helmets and boots are in short supply, and for communications, few Iraqi Iraqis carry mobile phones. Most of Iraq's soldiers are conscripts, aged 18 to 20, who are serving out their mandatory service and are unlikely to put up any fight. "The young soldiers find it difficult to deal with the boredom on these remote postings," says Noon. "But if we choose, they will soon learn that there are things more terrible than boredom."

For the officials under Noon's command, winning war may rise with the UN weapons inspectors now scouring Iraq for evidence of Saddam Hussein's alleged chemical, biological and nuclear weapons. Under UN resolutions, Iraq must surrender any weapons

of mass destruction. It also had to provide documentation outlining an arsenal, which it did on Dec. 7—11,807 pages worth. Containing information about efforts to build nuclear bombs, and research into biological and chemical warfare, the documents were immediately taken to CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., where teams of translators and government officials pored over them. Any hints about where Saddam may be hiding weapons of mass destruction were passed on to UN weapons inspectors.

Since their arrival in Baghdad on Nov. 18, the UN inspection teams, now numbering more than 70 people, have proven to be a valuable public relations tool for the Iraqi government. Every morning, at 8:30, the UN vehicles roll out of their base camped in Baghdad and make toward undeclassified inspection sites. Iraqi authorities and a variable number of escorts follow in hot pursuit through congested city streets. The inspectors, who are to deliver a report by the end of January, deny media access to the sites and remain tightly liplocked about the results of their searches. But Iraqi officials, anxious to convince the world that the country is complying with United Nations resolutions, have allowed journalists to conduct their own inspection of the sites. "We don't have any of these weapons now, and we have no intention of acquiring any in the future," Maj. Gen. Husein Mohammed Arret, the head of Iraq's National Monitoring Directorate, told McClain's in Baghdad. "If the U.S. allows the minimum of fairness and demonstrates the minimum of courage, then they will accept this report as proof of Iraq's disarmament."

The biggest challenge to the inspection process came on the morning of Dec. 3, when two UN teams suddenly arrived at one of Saddam Hussein's Baghdad palaces. At first, there was some confusion among the guards, but after only a two-hour tactical delay, the gates swung open. The inspectors found no evidence of any weapons programs, and the Iraqis were quick to capitulate, saying, the



A child herds camels near Baghdad; Iraq soldiers watch as UN inspectors visit a site (far left); an Iraqi official, with a lot of Iraq's weapons (left)

search was proof of their willingness to cooperate. "Saddam Hussein has shown the world that he is prepared to open his own policies, and that we have nothing to hide," says Mustafa Qura, a 44-year-old Baghdad merchant. "What more can Iraq do?"

Many Iraqis seem resigned to war. "This is the first time that I believe our president is truly afraid," says Abdul Wahid, a 42-year-old Baghdad taxi driver. "But the people realize that he let the UN in for our sake—to try and save Iraq from further bloodshed." Wahid, longing for peace, shared across the country. In the northern city of Mosul, Christians (who have lived in the region for almost 2,000 years) have watched with trepidation as Iraqi forces set up camp near the walls of the 300-year-old St. George Monastery. "They believe that George Bush would give us his air force attack a Christian holy site," said monastery director Father Fadi Hanna. "I only pray to God that they are right."

It may not be long before Hussein knows whether his promises will be answered. Even if the UN weapons inspectors find no evidence of nuclear, biological or chemical weapons, the Bush administration has already stated that it has irrefutable evidence that Iraq possesses such weapons and that the U.S. will eventually give it to the UN inspectors. U.S. officials, concerned by the report on Iraq's arsenal also said last week it fails to account for chemical and biological agents that Iraq possessed at the end of the Gulf War. In addition, they claim Iraq attempted to buy uranium in Africa, which through a difficult and would have been used to make nuclear weapons. But an explanation of that program does not appear in Iraq's weapons report. Such gaps may even be enough for Bush to declare that Iraq has failed to comply with the UN—and that military action against Saddam's regime is justified.

Many experts believe Iraq will be involved in early February. Already, there are more than 60,000 American troops training at bases in Kuwait and Qatar. As well, U.S. and British jets have stepped up their attacks on the no-fly zones in the north and south of Iraq and have repeatedly mounted attacks against Iraqi radar installations. If the Americans do invade, Noon is prepared to do the "We fight for Allah and President Saddam," he says. "If it is Allah's wish that I should be fighting, I only hope that I get to see an American first." ■

TELLIER'S NEW TRACK

CN's wunderkind makes a sudden jump to troubled Bombardier

SO THE MAN who made CN's trains run on time will now try to move corporate jets, Sea-Duos and subway cars faster off the assembly lines. As the *Leapfrog* flies, Paul Tellier will move just a few hundred metres north on Jan. 13, his new office as CEO of Bombardier Inc. a modest half a block away from the one he is using now at Canadian National Railway Co. headquarters in downtown Montreal. But as corporate destinations, Tellier's move is infinitely more dramatic. He is jumping from a company that was no better than dead a decade ago but is soaring now, to settle in the wreckage of an industrial conglomerate that has long been a darling of investors, but now seems to be in a tailspin.

The announcement last Friday by Robert Brown had stopped down its president and CEO of Bombardier, to be replaced by Tellier—himself replaced by chief operating officer Homer Harrison at the helm of CN—joined the corporate world and brought joy to investors, who pushed Bombardier's leveraged stock up eight per cent. CN fell by two per cent.

"The announcement came more as a surprise than a shock," says Cameron Doerksen, an analyst with the Moody's Merchant Group in Montreal. Bombardier's stock—which traded for as much as \$24 a share more than a year ago—closed at \$5.50 Friday. "The status quo," Tellier said in analysts and reporters, "is not acceptable to the shareholders. Bombardier needs to be re-energized." "Shareholders" was code for the powerful Bombardier clan, the heirs of founder Armand Bombardier, who will control the company and have seen their collective wealth melt by a whopping \$2.5 billion in the last year.

Bombardier is the world's largest train manufacturer, and a leading maker of recreational vehicles, but its cash cow was losing steam in regional jets and corporate



Tellier, says a company spokesman, "is a very good fit, and will have a tremendous impact."

planes, a segment that is sinking now. "The fundamental issue behind Bombardier is what is going to happen in the airline industry, and end markets will be out of Tellier's hands just as they were out of Robert Brown's hands," says Doerksen, who has set a target of \$8.40 for Bombardier's stock.

Karl Moore, a McGill University business professor who is close to Bombardier's management, said he'd heard rumours of dissatisfaction over Brown's leadership in recent weeks. "The results were just not there, so it's normal you would hear grumbling."

When Tellier took over CN in 1993, the state-owned railway was overstuffed, inefficient, mismanaged. He turned it into a lean and hungry organization, bent on making acquaintance as the U.S. and becoming a leading rail competitor on the continent. But Bombardier is already leaner, having laid off 2,000 workers in September.

Bombardier has different problems. It be-

When he took over CN in 1993, the railway was overstuffed, inefficient, mismanaged. He made it lean and hungry.

came the world's biggest train manufacturer by buying Germany's Adtrac for \$1.1 billion two years ago. Bombardier is now selling after General Motors AG for \$6.4 billion, among hidden costs and difficulties. The glitch-plagued introduction of the Acela high-speed train between Boston and Washington has triggered bad blood and massive lawsuits with Amtrak. Since the 9/11 terror attacks, Bombardier has written off a total of \$415 million from its books, and has its hand full fighting Embraer, suspect Brazilian competitor in the regional jet niche, while the bottom seems to have fallen out of the lucrative corporate jet business.

"Bombardier is a world-class company with a tremendous track record," Tellier said. And treated as such, among them a \$45-billion backlog of orders for various divisions. But the stock's recent plunge had puffed company insiders, if not analysts. "Tellier promised to dig at the root of the perception that Bombardier is not performing as well as it should."

His reputation as the manager who shined over 16,000 rapidly unavailable unaccounted jobs at CN triggered slivers among Bombardier's staff, but an immediate official retraction from their union. Tellier was on Bombardier's board and already familiar with the company's situation. "He is a very good fit, and will have a tremendous impact soon," McGill's Moore says. "If he can't turn things around, you wonder who can." □



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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD



THE ROOTS OF GANG WARFARE

B.C.'s Sikhs must look hard at themselves, writes RENU BAKSHI

HE LEFT THE nightclub in its usual fashion—the cry of the door, a beautiful woman on his arm. As he headed a cab for the short ride to his posh condo in downtown Vancouver, a man with his history had to know he was paged. "It all happened so fast," the rabbi would say as he lay by himself, not did with bullets on the floor. Robbie Kandola, 35, was young and handsome, he was a man who knew and feared. To police investigators, he was a case tagged No. 54.

In the past 10 years in Greater Vancouver, Kandola had been the Sikh young man killed in an Indo-Canadian gang war over drugs, money and women. The showdown of Kandola has claimed various economic style on city streets. Suspect have found victims to swallow gasoline before lighting a match. Some have been shot at close range at nightclubs. Others have been finished without a trace.

While the roots of attacks, victim problems are inextricable. Their obscurity describe seen in their early life. Religions however "nice" boys from good families. Most discomfited of all, the victims are predominantly Sikhs whose background, by birth or by family, is in India's Punjab region. No other Indian sub-community in the nation has lost so many young men to murder. Even with large Hindu and Muslim populations in Canada, this bloody gang war is unique to B.C.'s primarily Sikh community.

With 50-plus murder files—most unsolved—and the threat of more looting, police investigations are searching their limits. For years they've searched for answers, overwhelmed to ask a controversial question finally posed publicly by B.C. Supreme Court Justice Wilby Opper: "Why has the Indo-Canadian community witnessed a disproportionate number of killings?"

Some people may cringe at the "hate-type," or gap for such a discussion dare take

place in an age when Canada has sworn in its first Indo-Canadian premier. But Justice Opper is human. A Sikh. The truth is, the majority of the Punjab community has contemplated the question, but chosen to quail in fear of big unknowns: mean cover or maybe? Or burning an already fractured community anger? Not likely. This is a community that prides itself through trial.

There's really no dropping this bullet. A Punjab boy's aggression and contempt of the law can be traced to misguided religious beliefs and his family's traditional practices. Most of the 30-plus victims come from this same complex culture.

Then the moment a Punjab boy opens his eyes, his parents hand him the keys to the Punjab code. From now on, his reach or will ride in the back seat. It really and fig-

uratively, putting, but son ahead of the world. Her boy will have the privilege of seeing a woman, without the chore of darning the dishes alongside his sister. In a fit of child hood rage, he will kick and punch his mother, as his father and grandmother look on, making great pride in their boy's supposed outrage.

It's the same cycle in most Punjab households. All Indians, as we tend to call ourselves, have witnessed parents, grandparents and relatives ensure the birth of a girl, even today, while celebrating more than an heir to the throne is born. As Indians, we know many women who were raised under a microscope of discipline and fear, burdened with the terror of disappointing their parents or embarrassing the family. All the while, their male counterparts are heralded as the Kings of the Castle, allowed free rein. "That's my boy!"

Dad will say, so the little guy steals a sip of his Johnny Walker Red Label.

Vancouver police Insp. Keith Heed knows the Punjab culture well. He grew up in a Sikh family. Heed, now Vancouver's top drug cop, says he's embarrassed by the stigmas firing his community. "That's my boy, that's my boy" has gone out of control," Heed says. "You have fathers and mothers praising their sons when these boys are involved in illegal activity—drug trafficking and violence. But these parents are still going 'that's my boy' based on that old family principle."

Heed agrees Punjab boys grew up in a testosterone-fueled environment run by an over-strict patriarch. In too many cases, violence is the tool with which the head of household settles disputes with his wife, as well as other members of the family. RCMP in the Vancouver suburb of Surrey, where many Sikhs live, says a disproportionate number of first domestic disputes their officers visited involve Sikh couples, and the disputes are almost always spiraled by alcohol.

Eventually, a young boy will become a young man and require a community that shows him the way—a world where everything is a grudge match, a fight to the finish. From Sunday sermons at Sikh temples to Friday

nights in bars, police files show that disagreements among Punjab men are regularly settled with the use of force. The difference is, youngsters have replaced the holy Sikh sword with machine guns.

Five centuries ago, Guru Nanak founded Sikhism, a religion designed to promote equality among people. Although it evolved into a warrior religion, it was intended to uphold dharma in the face of evil. But the very essence of Sikhism, its spiritual struggle for human rights, has been perverted by misguided men bent on gaining power and exacting revenge. The Sikh teaching, "When all else fails, only then raise your sword," no longer applies to defending the defenseless. It is an excuse to use violence to settle the score.

This is especially true in Greater Vancouver, where interpretation of Sikh principles have led to terrible bloodshed. Three



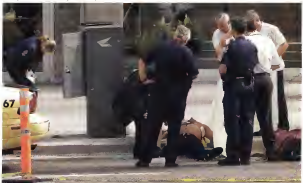
orthodox Sikhs are currently awaiting trial in the 2005. Air India bombings that killed 331 people. Authorities believe the bombing was a Sikh separatist message for Indian dominance in the government.

Heed says there are numerous high profile examples in Vancouver of Sikhs using dualistic personal readings of religion to settle disputes. People, he says, need to look no further than temple "leaders" in B.C. whose battles for political power have been captured repeatedly on video for the air o'clock news. "Once, an imam on TV showed a religious Sikh leader taking a big sword and slashing someone in the stomach," Heed says. "That happened in a temple. The image played over and over on TV."

Violence is even part of Punjab's popular culture. Songs that play on local radio stations encourage Sikhs to be proud of their identity at all costs. Some lyrics go as far as encouraging youngsters to pick up guns and "fight for justice."

Bravado, Heed says, is part of the male species in general, but among Punjab men are dangerous conflicting factors. "Con-

Authorities on the scene of Robbie Kandola's killing in Vancouver in June, Kandola (left), body John in 1998



ple between Sikh religion, couple it with the Punjab culture and attitudes, and a lack of positive role models—look what you have.”

What you have are young men who lack discipline and direction, young men who find adventure in earning fast money in the drug trade. Young men prone for violence.

The catalyst for many teenage Sikhs may have come in 1994. Two young men gained notoriety far beyond the Sikh community when they used the evening news to exchange blatant threats. Within later, one of them was gunned down on a busy street in broad daylight. Television images showed paramedics working feverishly to save him from the gunshot wounds. The man charged but acquiesced in his murder, Randy Jalal, emerged a hero among young men. “All of a sudden this behavior was glorified,” Heel recalls. “If kids wanted to make a name for themselves and settle schoolyard fights, they saw this as the way to do it.”

Those schoolyard fights have evolved into hunting seasons in Vancouver's streets. These days, gunplay is going at the rate of one per month, Jalal himself was later gunned down. It's a harsh reality, yet the Sikh community refuses to hear the wake-up call. James Oppal calls it willful blindness. “You tell me why a parent with an unemployed 25-year-old son driving a BMW doesn't think there's something wrong with that picture,” he says. “Our sons are getting slaughtered but parents and the community are in a state of denial.”

Even after their sons are murdered in drug-related shootings, parents have often

‘Our sons are getting slaughtered but parents and the community are in a state of denial,’ says Justice Oppal

spoken up to reinforce their sons' “innocence.” Police officers have also described residents where gunplay has started down on their faces when they try to deliver news of the murder.

Characteristics of Vancouver's gang problem are now emerging in Britain and the U.S. Authorities in northern California say only 25 per cent of their Indo-American community is Sikh, yet violent Indo gangs are made up almost entirely of Sikhs young men. California parents are also caught in the cycle of denial. They say their sons are not part of gangs, they're just “boys being boys.”

Over the years, Oppal has seen a dramatic increase in the number of young Indo men caught up in B.C.'s police system. “The community can blame the police, they can blame the courts, they can blame society at large. But it's time we started looking inward,” Oppal says. The community and police need to work together to stop the killing spree, but he admits that ignorance in Vancouver's police department has contributed to the problem. “Police have never taken the time to get to know the Indo-Canadian com-

munal. This is what happened in the United States in other cities where police are seen as the invading army. Police have no respect there.”

Heel agrees. He questions why police officers show up at the annual Indian Diwali festival wearing uniforms and stern faces. “When police go to other communities' events, they go in a community-policing role to meet and greet people,” he says. “Why is it that at Indian events, they show up in a strictly enforcement role?”

That may be changing. In Vancouver, an important first step between police and the community took place on June 15. Police officers faced off with members of the Indo community at a forum designed to build trust and help solve the city's gang problem. During the session, the split between police and the community was clear. Humane officers expressed concern about the “misrepresentation” Sikhs use to protect their sons at the expense of solving murder investigations. Members of the community responded with accusations of racism. Why isolate “Indo” violence and hurt a forum, they asked.

The statistics, however, won the day: Nearly 60 victims. Hundreds more gang members involved in the drug trade—many of them “targeted” for murder, police say. That drove a strong debate against the aggression that has become an integral part of Sikh culture, religion and family values. Indo teachers, social workers, police officers and politicians called for community reforms to stop further bloodshed.

At this stage, Oppal admits, some young men cannot be saved. “We just have to warn them off,” he says. Heel says police may have trouble keeping up with the deadly war. “The killings show no sign of slowing down,” he says. “Eventually murder suspects become victims.”

Since Robbie Kandola's death in June, four more Indo men have made it onto the list of victims, one a university student who was only 18. Another was dying to life last week after five more were shot in a Surrey parking lot. The sad reality is, none of these young men ever had a future in life. That chalk outline on the sidewalk is the final page of the religious and cultural blueprint that was used to raise them. □

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Bona fide, who comes from a Punjabi background, is a reporter with CTV in Vancouver. To contact her, write to her at bona@ctv.ca.



HEY, KIDS! LET'S PLAY ADVER-GAMES!

Marketers are using the Net to reach young people, but they have to be sly

CHRISTMAS IS COMING, and the scene would make any red-blooded marketer ooze joy as good as it gets. "If I'm not on the net or at school, I'm on the computer," she says. "Oh, I'm on the computer, too."

So why would that innocuous little scene lead marketers to agonize? Simple: The Net has become a powerful way to sell to youth, whether concerned parents like it or not. For most Gen Y kids—those born in North America after 1979 (about 60 million at last count)—technology is second nature. It's as if they came into this world with a game controller in one hand and a mouse in the other.

from playing net for her Richmond Hill, Ont., hockey team, playing on the Net is about as good as it gets. "If I'm not on the net or at school, I'm on the computer," she says. "Oh, I'm on the computer, too."

So why would that innocuous little scene lead marketers to agonize? Simple: The Net has become a powerful way to sell to youth, whether concerned parents like it or not. For most Gen Y kids—those born in North America after 1979 (about 60 million at last count)—technology is second nature. It's as if they came into this world with a game controller in one hand and a mouse in the other.

They're referred to as generation wired, cyber tots, digital kids and netnagers, but what they really are is business. Big business. In Canada alone, children between the ages of nine and 14—"yowens"—spend nearly \$1.7 billion of their own money, and influence another \$20 billion in purchases ("Can we get the minivan with the DVD player on it?"). Across North America, teens control or influence about \$350 billion of spending every year.

The real trick for businesses and marketers, though, is getting the attention of this enormously fickle and savvy group

"The Internet can offer great opportunity for marketers to reach them," says Max Valiquette, president of Youthography, a Toronto marketing consultancy and research firm that focuses on youth. "If you can get someone to look to you as a creator of a relationship between product and consumer." The tricks of the trade are even easier to employ thanks to the Net's social culture. As with Marie, chatting, instant messaging and e-mailing are among the most popular activities. "This is a media sensitive group," says Alan Maglione, a marketing professor at York University's Schulich School of Business. "Their attention is up and the self-developmental risk of missing something and being seen as dumb, or out of date, or not in tune with their friends is very high."

But just because advertisers have a vehicle, it doesn't mean young people will flood to their sites. Traditional forms of on-line marketing have proven ineffective with teens and teens. Pop-up ads are killed before they load, banners are ignored and e-mail spam is deleted before it reads. So marketers have gotten craftier. Many sites try to draw kids by offering freebies, e-cards, contests and games, games, games.

One of Canadian kids' favorite sites, according to comScore Media Metrics Canada, which measures Internet audience use, is Neopets, a virtual community that has drawn about 15 million children worldwide, with a disproportionately large number of them—35 per cent—from Canada. In the vast, busy empire of Neopets, kids create big-eyed, floppy-eared virtual pets that look like a cross between a Tamagotchi and a Pokémon character. They also have cute, cuddly names like Quaggle and Biscuitino. Kids even spend hours keeping their pets content by playing games with them, feeding them and interacting with other Neopets. "It's amazing because you get to enter the responsibility of nurturing," says Marie, who used to stay in at recess with friends to spend time with her blue Koelack.

But aside from drawing millions of kids, the site has also drawn millions from media-savvy groups for its so-called Immersive Advertising techniques. Last week on Neopets, users could play games based on *The Country Bears* (a Disney movie), *The Santa Clause 2* (another Disney movie), *Oral-B* toothbrushes, Bubble Yum bubble gum and Pilsa-Lay's Cheesecake, to name

Aside from drawing millions of kids, Neopets has drawn criticism for its so-called Immersive Advertising techniques

some. "Advertisers like this model," says Rick Kinney, executive vice-president of Neopets. "The games are very popular and kids like that stuff. We get comments like, 'I love Capri Sun and my pet Koelack too.' And if the games don't deliver the message, there are other ways. Neopets rewards users with Neopoints—the Neopets currency—for signing up friends, filling out marketing surveys and linking to sponsored sites. In one Neopets effort, users are asked to fill out their name, address and birth date so companies can send them "cool product samples."

Yet how worried should moms and dads really be? After all, aren't kids bombarded with advertising anyway? Is the Internet really any different? According to media awareness groups and some child psychologists, it is. "A commercial will last for 20 seconds or so," says Jeffrey Derynchuk, a child psychology professor at McGill University. "An ad game will last for 20 minutes. The more kids actively engage in something and the more feedback they get, the more likely they'll think this game is 'get something.' Moreover, when kids are fixed on their com-

puter screens, they enter what's called a flow state, a trance-like absorption that researchers say renders them especially vulnerable to suggestion. "It's designed to get them to tell Mommy, 'Look how much fun I'm having,'" says Derynchuk.

Neopets isn't alone out there. Practically every kids' toy maker, cereal, entertainment outlet and even some clothing stores now offer similar immersive advertising in the form of games or contests. Kids can play a Beethoven game at TVTOWN, build a candy house at Neobrownies.com and run up Barbie in a sunnier and sweeter world at Barbie.com. Many branded sites, though, including Neopets, indicate which games are paid for advertising. And all U.S.-based firms—unlike Canadian ones, which regulate themselves—must adhere to a 2000 law protecting the privacy of children under the age of 13. Hot Wheels, for example, won't let younger kids play interactive games on its site, and Kinney says that younger children do not have access to some of Neopets' promotional material. TVT, the rap children's broadcaster in Canada, adheres to the broadcast code for advertising to children and applies the same standards to its Web site.

Still, critics question whether under-13s even recognize the difference between a game and an advertisement. "I ask them, 'They don't,'" says Debbie Gordon, a 45-year-old mother of two who left the advertising world two years ago after becoming disillusioned with her industry for failing to market to children. "It wasn't sitting right with me as a mom," says Gordon. "It felt a little intrusive and a little predatory." So Gordon formed her own company, Mediasis, and now holds media literacy workshops at schools across the country. Last month such workshops, including Youthography's Webquest, Gordon says teaching kids to be media savvy is the best thing parents can do.

Back in the Neopets' basement, Marie's noisy brother has stopped their squawking and snafu with their mother Nancy looking over Marie's shoulder. "Thank I should be concerned," Nancy says, "but there are just so many things to worry about I find I just have to trust the responsibility of the corporate advertisers to not be messing with my kids' brains." She may have her work cut out. Seven-year-old Anthony, her youngest, adopts the plucking white little beak-like reserve for fire-breath from Big Little, and asks, "Can you make me a Neopet, Marie?"



Marie Battaglia likes the responsibility of nurturing her on-line Neopet, Koelack



AU REVOIR, DOCTOR FOTH

For a quarter century, Allan Fotheringham took risks that few others dared

Allan Fotheringham belongs to a category of one.

While we Canadians had most at the ability to laugh at ourselves, and Dr. Foth filled the gap. During the 26 years he graced the back page of this magazine, he set new standards and created an unprecedented following. His regular columns, which ended with this issue, was a uniquely rewarding run for Maclean's readers.

As his editor for the first seven years he appeared in Canada's National News magazine, and his flicking during the decades that followed. I want to pay tribute to the man and his talents.

Back in 1975, when I was planning Maclean's transformation from a general interest monthly to a weekly news magazine, one of my priorities was to replace a unique back page feature. Instead of the last page of an ongoing article, Maclean's back page would showcase a columnist to anchor the editorial island and guide the magazine's reader's choice.

I had only one candidate in mind, Allan Fotheringham, then the managing columnist at the *Huron Star*. He was considered a bad call by my staff, who couldn't imagine publishing a national column from anywhere but Toronto or Ottawa. It had never been done before. We had no national newspapers at the time, and the rivalry consisted of Upper Canada (Ontario), Lower Canada (Quebec) and "Our Throat" (the three from my frequent visits to the Pacific coast where you couldn't spend more than an hour at the Hotel Vancouver's Timber Club (then the favored exclusive hangout) without hearing someone complain about "that bastard Fotheringham's" intercontinental. That recent residency and follow-up, two qualities the breed bred, finally made of newspaper would badly need.

Fotheringham first showed on Sept. 15, 1975 and in my opinion of the 1,200 that have followed. In it, he described the culture of Pierre Trudeau, then flying in Canada's political firmament, as consisting of "men who have been and stretch of the Peter Pan

people to unreasonable limits...congratulated themselves and felt themselves close to danger by his minority." After that, his columns turned nasty.

From his running start, he wrote as if he were in a military zone, slaying the standard obstacles of objective reporting and seldom allowing emotional typhoid boundaries to dim the flash of his search-and-destroy mission. Arming his wisdom with wit and daring, he used editorial risk that few of his colleagues dared to duplicate. No one and nothing was sacred. It is his boast that during his career thus far, he has attracted 260,000, assuming all but one of the magazine's formative years, readers couldn't wait to read his columns. Surveys confirmed that a majority of our readers read the magazine backwards, starting at his page.

Fotheringham described himself as "a sour-sour scribbler," and he meant the title. His record of attack dog-writes-a-scribble journalism found a niche with Canadians who had grown cynical about our politicians, but couldn't find the words to express their fury. Dr. Foth made that machine go down—and left them smiling.

His targets never knew what to expect.

Finance minister Donald Macdonald was on the cover for Foth's back page debut.



Although he was the first journalist to publicly accuse Brian Mulroney to run for the Tory leadership, he later characterized "the Joe that While Like a Man" as being little more than "a loudmouth and a bully." His past-due of prime minister Kim Campbell—"a young man leaping, like a mountain goat, from ledge to ledge"—stands the test of time. The only politician guilty enough to respond was Jean Chrétien. Carrying rights of Allan at the annual Ottawa Press Gallery dinner, he exclaimed, "And here's Mr. Fotheringham."

Even his Broadway lines were good, such as that description of Mulroney that have gone too long without a champion: "Dr. his no-accident epilepsy about Grit's arrogance." The Liberal Party seeped through the underbelly of this country like a nuclear submarine in the deep.

In his private life, Fotheringham had the knack of combining a secure social calendar while maintaining his married status as an independent, angry provocateur, he held on to his love and his beloved wife, Anne. He prided himself on retaining the personal warrior, never willing to become a hanger-on, no matter how accidentally worthy the cause.

Fotheringham hated pretenses and he got used to a passion and cut off his head with literary scissors as well as that they seldom recovered. His personal data was based on the accessibility of his columns. Disarming, unapologetic, the man writing style drew you in like a siren's call, favourite blues. He didn't possess complicated literary devices on his subject (or himself).

His columns were so effective because the one thing no politician can survive is to become a joke. As Joe Clark, described by Dr. Foth as being not like a brick but "a step on him, squish him, and he just bounces up and comes back for more."

Having lost Clark while so temporary senseless, he could predict that the God of Laughter would reduce Mulroney's Day? Fotheringham's writings followed where his subject led him. Often he merely jotted down what they said, interpreting his own business sense. Politicians, back and forth, it seemed so mindlessly fall on their own swords.

My profound admiration for Allan Fotheringham is rooted in my certain knowledge that he continues a cold eye with a warm heart. The Good Doctor will be missed.



MY 2003 PREDICTIONS

Julia Roberts will get a divorce and Sheila Copps will say something stupid

SLOWLY, the cloudy crystal ball becomes clear. *Nostalgia* is on the i-mad. The gear starts on the floor begins to make noise. The mass drifts down from the crowd layer and connects on the telephone. Suddenly, everything he resolves, inconceivable reveals itself in complete common sense. The unfolding of the year 2003 is quite apparent:

1. Sheila Copps will say something stupid.
2. While Bill Clinton needed Vietnam duty by going to Oxford and Delia Bosh ended Vietnam by writing as a pilot in the *News* for National Guard, joining "Guns from Oklahoma on the weekends, and I got briefly sent to Vietnam as a press officer, John Kerry was declared the vice for every fighting against the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. The *Manhattan* son, now married to a widow of the *Manhattan* shipping, blind trust that is not exactly promising good for his days.

3. The *Times* will, too, will choose a new leader in the New Year, have that terrible problem of one guy who is too old, Jesus Christ, and a couple of teenagers from Atlantic Canada. If the party is not dumb—which it is—it would choose between two men: James MacKenzie, the retired general of Bosnia fame who, while serving earlier Cyprus, once ordered a Greek soldier with a peace pipe. He is the only person in the scribbler has encountered—aside from Stephen Lewis—who can hold a crowd on thrall for 48 minutes off the top of his head without a note. The other real hope for the confused *Times* is *Steady* Riley of Winnipeg, black-out, early in his 50s, Olympic medal credentials, relative of Conrad Black (who died) and wants the job.

4. The *Five* Democrats, who are not a new leader in the New Year, have at their disposal the impressive Manitoba MP Bill Blaikie, a United Church minister, an impressive physical figure, completely respected by all, the best orator in the House of Commons. The NDP will choose as its new leader, one Jack Layton, a Toronto-area politician who has, with P. Martin in one period, second control of the party machinery.

5. Michael Jackson will do something stupid.
6. One day, in the next 12 months, the present, indifferent President of the House of Commons, will demand—as is the rule at Westminster—that residents in Queen's Period such as Joe Clark and the last two

leaders of the NDP—must respect the parliamentary tradition of actually standing on their hind legs and asking a question with out resorting to a schoolchild—in reading a few notes gapped by their editors in their office. Snapping themselves.

8. Rudy Giuliani, making his move for the White House on the base of his 9/11 brilliance, will face off against John Kerry, or Hillary Clinton, in 2008.

9. Shelly Copps will say something stupid.
10. The *Harvard* of J. Martin will continue to attract the interest of the *Conservative* Gallery as he declines—still in the *Liberal* from his own side, but just to the left of the PM below the table. Meanwhile, the long-known large, dark, serious, in history leaves the media back to time to create or clarify what. Paul is doing with that world-wide shipping, blind trust that is not exactly promising good for his days.

11. The *Times* will, too, will choose a new leader in the New Year, have that terrible problem of one guy who is too old, Jesus Christ, and a couple of teenagers from Atlantic Canada. If the party is not dumb—which it is—it would choose between two men: James MacKenzie, the retired general of Bosnia fame who, while serving earlier Cyprus, once ordered a Greek soldier with a peace pipe. He is the only person in the scribbler has encountered—aside from Stephen Lewis—who can hold a crowd on thrall for 48 minutes off the top of his head without a note. The other real hope for the confused *Times* is *Steady* Riley of Winnipeg, black-out, early in his 50s, Olympic medal credentials, relative of Conrad Black (who died) and wants the job.

12. The biggest Canadian story of 1982 was—after the historic "meat" issue—when Nova Scotia Conservative leadership candidate Scott Brison revealed the boring Ottawa knowledge that he is a gay MP, years after the publicity hound Fred Robinson of the NDP broke the same news about himself, normally known as the blinding glimpse of the rainbow. The biggest Canadian story of 2003 will be that the White House Republicans—disposed at Canada's massive NATO defense contribution (right up there with Lithuania), Christmas one of the few 68 guys, not to mention Bush, Ashcroft, yet to be invited to the Crawford ranch or Camp David will leak, the biggest open secret in Ottawa, to some friend U.S. publisher and "You" Bill Clinton, the *Toronto* *Roadside* rather than who happens to be our foreign minister.

13. As a scribbler, this scribbler hopes the *National* back will survive in the first newspaper. *Canada's* Newspaper *Wan*. Any scribbler who goes first continually because of his obvious news value is missing potential earnings as possible. Any further waste in empty planning companies as can survive. One of two things is going to happen to the *National* Press. (When that scribble wrote a funny column at the University of British Columbia's *The* *Officer*, *Ray* *Asper* wrote a funny column at the University of Manitoba's campus paper. We changed to go along. That seems to have happened. Such a thing is going to happen to the *National* Press—try not taking \$20 million or bucks a year—is that it will revert into the *Financial* *Post*—Canada's leading and deserving a daily financial paper. Or, considering it really is the fifth most in its Saturday edition—morphing into a national Sunday paper, as with its *Elle* Street friends, something Canada needs and hopes? I've never seen before. Who knows?

14. The other big Canadian story is that the PM faces the ridiculous situation of a New 15 leadership convention looking P. Martin, and therefore, as explained in this page previously, there would be a new leader of the Grits and a rising PM. Who's happy. That's it.

15. The *Times* to *Argos* will not win the Grey Cup and the *Toronto* *Maple Leaf* will not win the Stanley Cup.
16. Good night, Mrs. Calabash.

LADIES NOT WAITING

More young women, writes AMY CAMERON, are creating lives—and families—on their own



"I'm established in my career," says housewife Brown. "I thought, 'What am I waiting for?'"

THE PLAN seems beautifully simple when played out with Barbie and Ken. Call them boy, boy woo girl. Girl marries boy. They have babies and wait a little longer. They do the holding hands, looking into each other's eyes. So easy. So perfect. And they allow for both young and old—confirms the notion of finding The One. It's a case of "if the shoe fits..." In Oshkosh, while shopping Betty wakes with a knot to trace love after dating for 100 years. Harry and Sally were blind to the love right under their noses, and so soon as the millennium knight saves the hoodier princess, Pretty Woman "rescues him right back." It's a cupid-led world out there, these stories assure us. "But love just takes a little patience."

Single women gag in urban Princeton, they choke, on a vision when life is passing you by. In her memoir book, *Master Girl*, New York journalist Betty Israel notes that "slacker women"—women like Ally McBeal and Bridget Jones who are basically waiting for Mr. Right while "reversing back to the couch, the TV or the phone or onto an elaborate fantasy"—have become the contemporary stereotype of single females. While each woman certainly exists, there's also a growing number who are tired of the old-fashioned fantasy. As salaries inch up, the pay-equity scale and friends disappear into marriage, work and children, women in their 30s and 40s are scoring up the fury tales and following their dreams. The perfect partners for travel, loving babies, starting a business and even taking out a mortgage, they say, are themselves. They are The One. "Whether you want to admit it or not, you grow up and expect that you will find that special person, and a pattern of things will happen," says Holly Brown, 31. "But I'm established in my career, and great things are happening. I finally thought, 'What am I waiting for?'"

It's a question that more single women are asking themselves. When Brown was growing up in Toledo, she (pop. 800), marriage seemed inevitable. She had a nice boyfriend and, frankly, that's all that mattered. "I really did think that I would marry him and that maybe we'd have a farm with some horses," recalls Brown. "I once lived on the outside of Toledo town limits." When her mother moved the family north to Red Deer, Brown was exposed to a whole new world. She never looked back. The first in her family to attend university, Brown has since lived in Prince, Artisan and New York City

(where she did public relations for the NBA). She's now spread her own Calgary-based PR firm. She craves nice actually—last spring it was *Amishville*, next year it's *The Suite*. When she realized that her last part-time job prevented her from throwing big dinners for friends and family, Brown bought a 1990 four-door that she's busy renovating. "Every time you take a step, it empowers you to take another," she says. "I mean, I'm riding my kitchen right now."

Until the 1970s, women generally followed a well-established schedule of leaving home, getting married and giving birth. Then the signs for these major life events started to change. The median age at first marriage for women in the early 1970s was 21. In 1996, it was 26. Today there are 769,000 females 15 and over in Canada who have never married. Of this number, 68 per cent are between 25 and 44. The number of unmarried Canadian and American females buying houses has increased 250 per cent in the past decade. Godfrey emphasized it: *dearly* single. Holly Bright woman found a good job and a happy disposable income.

Loraine Thompson was 33 when she bought her first house. She was 34 when she called Children's Bridge, an Ottawa-based non-profit adoption agency. "I had always wanted children," she says. "And I hoped that the husband was going to show up, but I wasn't going to wait any longer." In 1998, having saved enough money, Thompson adjusted her work schedule—she's an associate with CMA Canada, an accounting association—and moved offices so she'd have a shorter commute. She then began the process to adopt Chinese baby. Along with her parents and sister, she travelled to China in February 2000, to pick up Yuehina. Last month, the two moved into a new home in Mississauga, Ont. It roomed-out big enough to accommodate the second Chinese daughter Thompson was adopting in the spring. "I would be completely happy to still need a husband," says Thompson, 40. "There are times when I am exhausted and think it would be nice to have sex with someone. But I've never regretted it. Never."

Nor has Prina Sharma ever regretted her decision to adopt as a single mother—she was one of the first in B.C. to adopt internationally. Sharma, now 38, immigrated to Canada from her native United States in 1969, because of her opposition to the Viet-



Thompson and the newly adopted Yuehina at the Great Wall with her sister and parents

nam War. She settled in Nelson, and became a spiritualist social worker. At age 33, she recalls, "I knew that I was pretty damn lonely. I had my career set and had bought my house. Finally, it just occurred to me, 'My God, what I really need to be is a mom.' " After privately donating for sperm donation through her doctor, Sharma got pregnant but miscarried. Then, in 1987, she hopped on a plane bound for Hong Kong to adopt her son, Michael, now 15. "I've never looked back," she says. "And I can't say that there hasn't been pain." But Sharma now lives with her son in the dream home they built together. And four years ago, the unthinkable happened—Sharma lost a miscarriage and fell asleep. "It's extremely wonderful," she says. But back has so far eluded Virginia Virgo, but her single status has kept her from adopting the child she's been waiting for. She quit her law job, as a manager of local government services in Vancouver, because "I was running into a ruin. Career was taking over my life. I had a lot of stress. I had no interest in men except as disposable toys, and I didn't like that." Adds the 33-year-old,

"If I was going to have a relationship, I was going to be open to that, then I needed to take a step out from that path and I figured it was now or never." Well, it didn't work—the Vancouver singles scene was a nightmare. "My assets are no longer viable," she says. "Hanging out in a bar was not going to work for me." So Virgo started Miss V's Social Empire, a cocktail hour for dynamic people 40 and under, regardless of relationship status. After two years, she now has more than 800 people on her invitation list and a ton of new friends. And while she still hasn't found the right man, Virgo says that's no longer her top priority. "I'm going to close that part of my life, but not look it. It's like there was a draft there and it was sucking the energy out of me."

With so many women reaching the same point, businesses are scrambling to tap into this demographic. For Lori Brown, Port Langley, B.C.-based owner of White Coast Women Adventure, building a business around women over 30 looking to enjoy new activities was a no-brainer. Women who go on Brown's kayaking, cycling, fishing and horseback riding trips want to feel comfortable being on their own, she explains, and set sail share the experience with others without feeling competitive. "In all of our evaluations, the number 1 thing mentioned was just meeting the other women."

More and more, single women are drawing strength from each other—and independent spirit like Brown are setting an example. "I've chosen a tougher path," she says, "but it reaps bigger rewards." Forget Prince Charming—you go girl. 

With Mr. Right a no-show, many females in their 30s and 40s are tearing up the romantic fairy tales and following their dreams solo



TAKING THE CAKE

Quaint or not, I still find time to bake my booze-soaked Christmas delights

WITH THE INTERNET allowing us to connect for things friends and family at a moment's notice, one might ask, "Who is as hopelessly out-of-date as to send anything by regular mail these days?" Well, I am and I do. As proud techno peasant, I still write Christmas notes and mail them to a small but precious group of friends around the world. And this requires a subtle yet sure strategy: that quaint custom of Christmas baking, which I send to a few deserving friends and relatives.

A few months ago it was evening gathering of women (usually fall time professionals), I mentioned it was nearly time to buy the supplies for fruitcake and shortbread. My comment elicited mixed looks and dead silence. And one set of rolled eyes. These women obviously ran the Pines.

All right. So I carry on a tradition that contributes nothing to society but retained trustee business and dogged tenacity. But this inspires the pates of my Oreo-obsessed niece and nephew, who dash away taking from a house oven is a miracle. (Three mothers all work full time, and are profitably fulfilled. I don't, but my children just as worthy of admiration. And neither's any less! The same either! Over the years.)

Back in Saskatchewan where I grew up, every family had its Christmas baking favourites. Drop-by-for-a-visit-in-December (does anyone dare to do this any more?) and you'd be treated to a cup of coffee and a playful of the best desserts of the season: shortbread, nut clusters, butter tarts, anise squares, jewel scones, and that cornucopia of rich excess, fruitcake—at least two kinds, light and dark, anise with nuts or whiskey. The secret of this to come.

Anyone who thinks that commercial baking is a replacement: passion maker needs her head examined. Take superior fruit from cake. It's best sitting under the fluorescent for weeks now. A red paper fill surrounding a gagglyly sweet and tasteless cake lends wretchedly fruit (mostly raisins, just by my nuts), forever to its novel-like effect on

the digestive tract. With not a hint of booze.

And how can a commercial bakery hope to produce a bread worthy of the name? My grandmother's recipe begins, "Take a pound of butter." Will you cut it up into the stick? As close to measure you can get.

My mother tried to squirrel her baking away from her kids' greedy hands, but we became experts at sniffling out her latest hiding places. The cookies on hand the too late in the basement became a semi-regular gold mine. I can hear Mother's anguished shout when the discarded, pants sweating in the living room, mother's hand doesn't supply desperately diminished. There was hell to pay after the company left, but secretly she must have been pleased.

Prepping the stuff was no deterrent either. Good baking doesn't become rock solid before you eat, although the nuts might throw you out of control. Our father had a superlative hangover, but my brother was a master at the slow opening technique, coupled with his nose to cover the nose.

My sister-in-law had the all-time best routine for frozen forbidden treats. Her bedroom

was at the bottom, so the deep freeze was just a short tug away. Shined under a year's supply of vegetables was the cashew-encrusted. Better sets were her favourite, particularly warm. Back in the bedroom she balanced them on the plastic air defuser or attached to the ceiling vent grill. Then she'd jock up the mixer, the mixer, which produced the necessary blast of hot air to warm her contraband. And all those years her folks thought they had a faulty furnace.

With minutes like these, how could I allow such a great tradition to wither, or possibly one generated by so few? So a little while ago I decided to do it. I had some seventy dollars later I was home, and I spent a wonderfully fulfilling afternoon icing and chopping. Out came the turkey messer for the final mixing of the berries, fruits and nuts. Mother's original fruitcake recipe doesn't call for liquor, but a judicious team makes a great addition—now for the cake, one for the cook. We mellow together. After baking in a "slow" oven—even the term begins a gender piece—the cakes are done to taste, golden perfection. A sweet inducing aroma fills the house as they cool on the counter.

Now comes the delicate moment that makes a truly great fruitcake: the covering with spices. Taking one of the shovels I will use to crumple up the Christmas turkey, I poke deep into unbroken church in each cake. Then, whispering incantations to the goddess of culture excess, I pour anise or whiskey over every inch side. The golden liquid soaks to slowly, plumping every waking nut and glaze cherry, so that in a month's time, with the few heavenly bees, a concordance of rich flavours will be the reward. You need not and gone to heaven. The cakes are carefully wrapped and stored in the cool, dark basement to age.

Shortbread—chocolate and two kinds of plain (Scott crumbly and mildly smooth)—will be next, and then perhaps a few anise and butter tarts to round out this year's poodle treats, and hope. Satisfaction sweet when all my sugar plans are safely nestled in wax paper and Tupperware, awaiting resting or more deprived relatives. My annual personal bake-off ritual is complete, tradition preserved for another year. Now, can any body tell me how to e-mail friends? ☐

Joanne Williams currently resides in Mexico City where her husband is in the Canadian foreign service. To contact her, send her a postcard to: joanne@williams.ca

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THE LORD OF THE BOOKSHELVES

No other author, writes BRIAN BETHUNE, can match Tolkien's influence

"THIS TALE" grew in the telling. When John Ronald Reuel Tolkien began his foreword to *The Lord of the Rings* with that phrase, he meant, naturally, the thousand pages of his manuscript. And even at that length LOTR could barely contain the author's intensely detailed Middle Earth—replete with the complex histories of hobbits, elves, orcs, dwarfs, ents and men. But Tolkien's profuse words will also do nicely to describe LOTR's 100 million-plus copies sold, its three generations of readers since the original publication in 1954, a newly created and widely profitable film franchise—and the fact that it topped several British polls selecting the book of the century in 1997.

That's an astounding honor considering that those 100 years also gave us James Joyce's *Ulysses* (not to mention dozens of other types of university English courses). Not surprisingly, the polls provoked a hostile response from the quadrant of high culture: "Dear oh dear. Dear oh dear oh dear," gaped a *Stanley Tucci* book journalist in reviewing one poll, sounding like a hobbit flummoxed by the unexpected arrival of a party of hungry dwarfs. Others were more savage—"It just goes to show the folly of teaching people to read," snarled novelist Howard Jacobson. But depending on just which criteria are used, it's quite reasonable to suggest *The Lord of the Rings* for book of the century. It began as a private amusement for Tolkien (1892 to 1973), a conservative Roman Catholic Englishman and professor of Anglo-Saxon in whose life—as according to his own biography—"nothing really happened." The saga turned into his ruling passion, however, and then into one of the central novels of the 20th century.

Defenders of popular works, of course,

are expected to concede off the top that commercial success doesn't equal merit. The opposite truism—that popular fiction isn't a guarantee of quality either—doesn't get nearly the same play. (In that regard it might be worth noting that Howard Jacobson's own novel is his worst at No. 8,652 on the Amazon.com list but, seller hit, the paperback boxed set of Tolkien's trilogy could be found at No. 33.) Nor does LOTR's popularity stop such readers. Tolkien essentially invented the modern fantasy epic, which has become such a huge branch of publishing that no bookstore can match LOTR's influence among fiction writers.

It's a rare bookstore that, post-Tolkien, doesn't have a fantasy section, and many of the novels that fill those shelves are stamped with his template. Above all, there's his length. Tolkien's trilogy has ruled for decades—which is ironic, given that LOTR's six books were bound in three pairs only because of a postwar paper shortage in Britain—before authors started moving to even longer series. Tolkien's reinventions also appear regularly among his followers: in the first of the joined narratives, the galloping force of good battle desperately to buy time; in the second, the reluctant hero becomes a knight to find—or lose—the ultimate that alone can topple the arch villain.

The unlikely heroes are often outsiders, sometimes from our world, outwitted by some magic from another, far more exciting place. That's metaphorically true even in the *Lord of the Rings*, where Frodo's dainty hobbit feet and hole in the ground home cloak his essential Englishness. One of the novel's themes is the dual attraction the hobbits represent, both to the authoritarianism of class and race among whom they

move, and to contemporary readers. They are nothing other than the rural progeny of Tolkien's Edwardian childhood—seen through obviously nostalgic glasses. Hobbits even have regular postal service, which would be an absurdity in the romantic medieval world of Roundel or Gondor, where the highest award of official orders defined a topped arm of war rather than a summons to Bilbo's 111th birthday party.

Tolkien also brought elves back into popular consciousness, and set in woodland spirit just as idealized superheroes, immortal warriors and poets. Following that example, Tolkien's legions of successors people their fictional worlds with various races, and prosed them with detailed legends and social histories. (The back history of the *Ring* Quent is so vast it has so far spawned 11 prequels to the trilogy, primarily excerpted from Tolkien's papers after his death.) Even games and Dungeons and other role-playing games are unrecognizable without him, and entire *Wikipedia* is dedicated to scratch between *Star Wars* and *The Lord of the Rings*. There's little in modern fantasy that Tolkien didn't do first and, often, better.

From the first, readers found the work wide and deep enough to set it at anything they wished. As early as 1959 a Swedish translation came accompanied by a foreword, which Tolkien later called "one page of superfluous nonsense," suggesting his novel was a critique of contemporary world politics. In the depths of the Cold War, thousands of readers saw *Sauron's* ring—too dangerous to hold on to—the story—as a symbolic nuclear bomb. Others thought "Nimble," the alien giant Sauron's terrifying servant warlike, derived from a combination of Nazism and greed. No matter how often Tolkien himself denounced his "corridal drabble" of allegory, such associations have fided only recently.

When the leading *Time* American non-nature magazine discovered LOTR in the mid-80s, however, it correctly identified one theme. The link, probably the only one, between the Love Generation and the elder



Images of Middle Earth from the related art: a pipe-smoking Dwarf; Sauron's Tower of Orthanc; and Frodo and Sam struggling with Gollum



ly Dwarf did was a common root from medieval chivalry. Tolkien was never as vocal about his distaste for modernity as was his one-time friend C. S. Lewis, who once positioned everything useful in the world—with the sole exception of socialism—had been discovered millennia ago. But there is no reason to doubt he shared Lewis's view, although he would have added tobacco to the list of relatively modern ben-

efits. The beloved War Machine country side where Tolkien grew up "was being shabbily destroyed before I was 10," he once wrote. The 20th century provided more personal horrors, too—Tolkien survived the slaughterhouse of the Somme in 1916, but by the Great War's end two years later "all but one of my close friends were dead." And much of his masterpiece was written during the darkest days of the Second World War.

LOTR's great villain, Sauron, has a lust to dominate and destroy that is literally diabolical in intent. But Sauron, his wit and sly, is a truly modern man. He calls himself a realist—in our word to Tolkien—who not only sees which way the wind is blowing, but is willing to adapt nature for the sake of raw physical power. "Sauron has a mind of metal and wheels," the ancient one Treebeard tells the hobbits Merry and



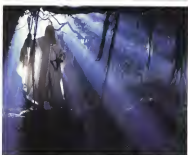
A pervasive atmosphere of loss, of mingled sadness and grandeur, permeates *The Lord of the Rings*—and forms the back story to its tremendously exciting battle scenes

Pippa, "And he does not care for living things." That's a sentiment any book-to-the-lord advocate could share. But Tolkien's anachronistic conservatism didn't truly mesh with cutting-edge overromanticism. Few writers worshiped wilderness, while Tolkien's heart belonged to the well ordered countryside of hedgerows, spreading chestnut trees and, with luck, battion helmets.

The *Lord of the Rings* books dig deeper than that, and spring from the unique vision at its heart. For all its undeniable influence on other films and events, none of LOTR's many imitators could—or would—want to follow Tolkien in his mood. A pervasive atmosphere of loss, of magical sadness and grandeur, permeates the novel—the book story to Tolkien's tremendously exciting but less serious. Once there were dragons, and we were the better for interacting with them, for Middle Earth is not a galaxy far, far away but this world long ago. Now that we and their playtime leviathan, orcs, are another—passing on a comradely to the West, or fighting in the dark against Sauron, I've caught the note of good men, the world—our world—is poorer than it was.

The cost of this struggle, the acknowledged: that nothing is gained without something lost, is the novel's overarching theme. The sacrifice of elves—who would never die if they simply ignored Middle Earth's peril—and the "stealing of the Stone" which concludes LOTR, when results that we desire to the hobbits (and Tolkien) is necessarily discarded, are the core of the story. That loss of innocence, and failing of manning from one secure side to another for mass sacrifice, places LOTR "High on the mountain," in writer Guy Gross's happy phrase, of books similar to *Lord of the Rings* like *Lord of the Flies*, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, and LOTR—*it* encapsulated in adolescence, when readers are experiencing the same feelings, never lose their hold over the imagination.

The *Lord of the Rings* is no *Dune* in aesthetic achievement. And its mythological vision and the utter absence of real warriors (or upward to near-goddesses) are out of step with the times. But in its romance, not dissimilar entertainment, and its unique, unapologetically appealing, achievement of its own. If it can survive as one success—a cinematic film franchise that is effectively pushing its readership too far downward in age—it will endure as long as Joyce's masterpiece. ■



The second coming of Gandalf (Ian McKellen) bleeds Aragorn, Gimli and Legolas in *Two Towers*

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

Riders of Rohan charge down hillsides, bris shrouding through fangers, wolf-like Wargs attacking the fleeing peasants. The images are so superbly executed in *The Two Towers* as they were in *The Fellowship of the Ring*, the movie-angle victory is striking. The... well, a movie, there's no Warg attack in the second volume of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*. Nor did the author intend it to be any to Rohan's aid, or to the other side. After providing a faithful-to-the-chronological and ecological references are harnessed here in Jackson's Tolkien film. Naturally, there's a lot much in the way of acting going on, though *Lord of the Rings* makes the most of its limited time as the movie *Warrior*. Then again, except for Elijah Wood (Frodo) and Sean Astin (Sam), no one is asked to do much. No one human, that is. The computer-generated Gollum (voiced by Andy Serkis) is easily the best—the most onscreen to have been looking Peter (and a very bad cocaine binge) and he probably plays the largest onscreen role over the live-action film in a world where almost everyone is driven to the most of their roles, the one director balanced on a knife edge. It seems fitting the most able creature in this film isn't a living being at all.

But neither *Warrior* nor *Two Towers* could ever have so seriously associated it to project with *Two Towers*. What *The Two Towers* does well—fight, fight, fight—does better than anything that came before it. As for the rest, there's this book. ■

entire fighting has been blotted out. Key scenes—the first meeting of Frodo and Aragorn, the appearance of Gandalf, the struggle at the Hornburg Gate—are ignored or rewritten, changing their meaning. After that, the slaughter with the last of the Nazgûl—it looks like there will be at least one dead-looking job per film—anyway, while the author's more subtle Chronological and ecological references are harnessed here in Jackson's Tolkien film. Naturally, there's a lot much in the way of acting going on, though *Lord of the Rings* makes the most of its limited time as the movie *Warrior*. Then again, except for Elijah Wood (Frodo) and Sean Astin (Sam), no one is asked to do much. No one human, that is. The computer-generated Gollum (voiced by Andy Serkis) is easily the best—the most onscreen to have been looking Peter (and a very bad cocaine binge) and he probably plays the largest onscreen role over the live-action film in a world where almost everyone is driven to the most of their roles, the one director balanced on a knife edge. It seems fitting the most able creature in this film isn't a living being at all.

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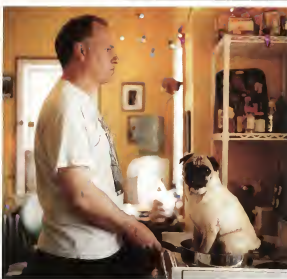
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MADDIN MADNESS

A director's strange visions are widely celebrated

AS HE DINKS into an old-fashioned sofa in his modest flat in Winnipeg's Osborne Village neighborhood, film director Guy Maddin seems, at first, a tad distant. Eye contact is furtive and, in what looks like a nervous tic, one hand keeps disappearing up the sleeve of his rumpled sweater. Yet as Maddin, 45, becomes more engaged in the

conversation, his gaze is direct and penetrating. In both words and gestures, Maddin gives the appearance of someone who has wandered into the dark night of his soul—and come out the other end.

When I ask him Maddin with his nose? For 17 years, the Winnipeg native has made confounding, disturbing and visually brilliant

The Winnipeg auteur (with Spazzy) says he expects to make "wildly positive pictures"

cinemas which repels and fascinates in equal measure. Largely ignored or deplored in his home country, Maddin has been eagerly embraced in the States and Europe as a genuine auteur. To say his movies are an acquired taste is to be generous regarding the harsher palate. Maddin's surreal imagery makes David Lynch look positively conventional. In fact, to fully appreciate a Maddin movie, it probably helps to have ingested a little LSD or some potent pill in one's life—and engaged with one's brain cells to still fancy from reality. Or not.



From *Orca* to *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs* (above), his films are visually striking

How strange are Maddin's movies? Short for the most part in deliberately frumpy black and white and with eerily soundtracks, his films are reminiscent of early Hollywood silent movies and the first talkies. In context, though, they are not of the past, present or future, but of all three, perched together. Like our narrative is in short supply, and the movies themselves they needlessly defy his cinematic vision. Consider the following films from Maddin's oeuvre.

■ His first, 21-minute short, *The Dead Father* (1984), is about a man who won't say he

caused. Made several years after Maddin's own father, Chas, died of an aneurysm when Maddin was 24, the film was inspired by recurring dreams Maddin had in which Chas kept coming back, only to go on and live with a neighbouring family. It includes an annotation scene in which the fictional son dips a pecky substance out of his dead father's fish and spoons it into his mouth.

■ Maddin's first feature-length film, *Tale From the Grand Hospital* (1988), is set in Gresham, Man., 90 km north of Winnipeg, a community settled by Icelandic immigrants like Maddin's own forebears. Externally revolving around a late-19th-century small-pox epidemic, the scenes include one in which a hansen nurse treats a patient by applying a dead maggot to his bare torso.

■ *Twilight of the Ice Nymphs* (1997) takes place in the mythical land of Muskegon and plays out like a psychedelic fairy tale. The New York Post, in a positive review, accurately summed it up as a story of "unrequited love swelling an ornish fennel, a one-legged neometist, a wax-cased widow, a psycho handy man, a newly released political prisoner and a fairy prince."

Who would want to watch all that? You'd be surprised. Though *Tale From the Grand Hospital* was rejected by Toronto's film festival in 1988, it played for a year at a Manhattan art-house cinema. Maddin's follow-up feature, *Archangel*, was picked by the New Canadian critics who saw it, but won the outstanding experimental film of 1991 by the National Society of Film Critics in the U.S. In 1995, at the age of 38, Maddin received a medal for lifetime achievement at Colorado's annual Telluride Film Festival, as noted previously given to French *Pulp* Copula, *André Tarkovsky* and *Clint Eastwood*.

Recently, Maddin's domestic reputation has soared to match up with the international acclaim it gains with some lesser-known shorts. *The Heart of the World*, one of a series of films commissioned by the Toronto film festival to mark its 25th anniversary in 2000. Festival audiences were often more enthusiastic about the short than the features that followed. Earlier this year, the CBC broadcast *Orca*—Pagan from a Virgin's Shadow, Maddin's visually stunning feature-length take on the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's account of the story. It earned wide notice, even German awards and an International Emmy last month.

Early in 2003, Maddin will begin shoot-

ing a new feature, *The Saddest Man in the World*, which he and Winnipeg screenwriter George Talar are adapting from a script by Booker Prize-winning English novelist Kazuo Ishiguro. Produced by Toronto's Khosla Media, the new film boasts a \$3-million budget, partly by Hollywood standards (but more as much as Maddin's ever worked with). While it may sound like he's anchoring toward the mainstream, don't bet on it. Already, he and Talar have changed the setting for the new film—which revolves around a radio concert to see which country produces the midlife music—from contemporary London to Depression-era Winnipeg. Maddin says his producers are encouraging him to shoot it in his usual low-tech way, using eight, and 16-mm cameras. "The script is crystal clear, almost too coherent," he says. "But don't worry, I'll screw it up."

That kind of humour is a Maddin trademark. Born the youngest of four children to an Icelandic mother and a born-Canadian father, Maddin had the luck of childhood that would make for a good screenplay. He grew up in Winnipeg's famously multicultural Cent Area, above his Aunt Le's beauty parlor. He also hung out at the Winnipeg Arms, then home to Canada's national hockey team, of which Maddin's father was a manager. "I moved between these two hyperbolic worlds," recalls Maddin. "There was this masculine odour on one of the arms. Then I'd go home to the new and sticky odour of the salon and listen to that blizzard of feminist syllable bleating off the lips of Icelandic women."

Maddin graduated from the University of Winnipeg with an economics degree in 1976 and worked briefly in a bank. He began to dabble in filmmaking while supporting himself as a house painter. Although influenced by everything from Hollywood's silent era to German expressionism, Maddin says his tastes are more eclectic and low-tech—than his first might imagine. "I loved Adam Kartler's *Little Nipko*," he says. "No, I mean it, I really loved it."

All the same, the twice-married, twice-divorced Maddin (he has one daughter, Julian, 24, who is studying to become an interior designer) knows he will never be a conventional filmmaker. "I've always aspired to make wildly primitive pictures," he says. "I think people may be more ready for it now than what I began." Ready or not, Maddin's cinematic madness has taken on progress.

How do we know if we're getting ahead? | Is the Canadian economy really doing well? | Can we afford to...

How do we know if we're getting ahead? | Is the Canadian economy really doing well? | Can we afford to...

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How do we know if we're getting ahead? | Is the Canadian economy really doing well? | Can we afford to...

CLOSINGNOTES



PEOPLE | 54

Thank you for the music
Louise Plante wasn't going to take just any old holiday role that came along. However, now that she's finally in New York City after 28 years in the business, the *Minnetonka* star has been kept busy recently making her move a permanent thing.



Q&A | 56

Parental advisory
From *Scrubs*
The Toronto-based *Snow* speaks out about negative lyrics in music and his brother's past.

Listings | The countdown

Breakfast Television
Grand Finale
Dec. 24, 8 a.m. to 9 a.m.
Joining in on the countdown to the New Year's Eve celebration will be Cape Breton's Grand Finale and Acadian group Blue Horizon.

Gala New Year's Eve
Cruiser
Dec. 31, 10 p.m.
All aboard the *Hydra* of Vancouver cruise and tomorrow to a buffet, live entertainment and a chance to see the fireworks to discover.

Spill of Montreal New Year's Eve
Dec. 31, 1 p.m.
Montreal and Ontario drummers will gather at St. S. Basil's Vasa to celebrate the New Year's Eve and about 100 family event.

New Year's Eve Ball
Dec. 31, 10 p.m.
Bingo, live music and dancing with the band and live drumming make up this festive party held at the Elbow House.

Calgary 2000
Dec. 31, 10 p.m.
A live band, live music and live drumming make up this festive party held at the Elbow House.

Hampster Helper
Puzzle-a-mania
Jan. 1, 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.
An online to New Year's Eve made up of *And For Laugh's Sake*, *The Simpsons* and *Grand National*. The Comedy Network.



Wine | Turning wine into jobs and cultural programs

Being the first owned and operated Aboriginal winery in North America (the second in the world) is nice. But in Osoyoos' Chief Charles Louis, if not just about wine. Located in south-central B.C., near the U.S. border, the Osoyoos Indian Band runs Ni'Mip Cellars, an economic development project. "We're in business to preserve our past by strengthening our future," says Louis, chief for 14 years. The joint venture with Vintec, the fourth largest North American wine producer, will help make it possible to create language and cultural programs and to teach their history, Louis hopes. "We don't need any more blankets," he says, referring to social assistance, or what he calls "the blanket approach." "We need jobs, just like everybody else in this country."

Ni'Mip Cellars
and Osoyoos Chief
Charles Louis

THE DETAILS

How did your
winery, 10,000
cases of wine will be
produced, including
Charles Louis, Chief
Charles Louis, Chief
Charles Louis, Chief



That's where Ni'Mip Cellars comes in. The 2002 grapes, recently crushed, will make the first wine (available in the summer of 2003) produced in the new 11,000-sq.-foot, state-of-the-art facility. Ni'Mip, employing between two and six people depending on the season, is one of nine projects operated by the Osoyoos Indian Band Development Corporation created in 1995.

Louis is excited about this new era for First Nations' business development. And, says Ni'Mip winemaker Randy Pison, the operation has been "relatively glitch-free." Pison, who previously worked at the Cedar Creek Estate Winery in the Okanagan Valley, is mentoring band members in key positions. Being an Aboriginal winery is a unique selling feature, he says, "but the success of the winery depends on the quality of the wine." HILAN BUTT

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Watch it

Global Sunday
December 23, 2002

Global Maritimes: 9:00 p.m.
Global Quebec: 6:30 p.m.
Global Ontario: 6:30 p.m.
Global Winnipeg: 5:30 p.m.
Global Regina: 5:30 p.m.

Maclean's/Global Year-end Poll 2002
Host: Danielle Smith

Global Saskatoon: 6:30 p.m.
Global Edmonton: 6:30 p.m.
Global Calgary: 6:30 p.m.
Global BC: 5:30 p.m.

Global SUNDAY

Read it

Maclean's

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On newstands:
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to January 5, 2003

MACLEAN'S

ROGERS

CLOSINGNOTES FROM THE EDITOR: PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW HARRIS. PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW HARRIS. PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW HARRIS.

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Q & A | 'I've been through rough, rough, rough'

TORONTO SINGER SNOW whose real name is Darné O'Brien—has been through the highs and lows of the music business. A young id star from Toronto's Alderbury housing projects, he recorded his first album, *12 Inches of Snow*, in 1992—and then served eight months of a one-year prison sentence for assault causing bodily harm. When he got out, his first single, *Before*, was a worldwide hit. A decade later, Snow has never compromised the same level of success. But he recently released his fifth CD, *Two Harsh Clappings*, which was him mixing reggae, dancehall, pop and hip-hop. Sabot for five years and the father of a seven-year-old daughter, Jazmar, Snow, 32, is vocal about his frustration with the negative messages in music today. He recently spoke with *Maclean's* writer Sherida Deech.

As a father, what do you think of the dirtiest messages in popular music today?

I think the mainstream is crap—the bling bling, *Confessions*, *Obituary*—I don't like it. It makes the kids want to go out and get the stuff. If they're going to school and not making enough in their McDonald's job, they'll think they have to steal or sell drugs to get the money. I like more positive music. When growing up, I've heard it in movies, and I've been in jail, but my mom has always been positive. You don't have to write an album about all this negativity—you can see it on the news, or open the newspaper.

You first started making music while you were still in trouble. Did you ever combine violence in your lyrics?

I never had violence in my music, never. I never had parental authority on any of my albums, except for this one.

Why this one?

Because I know. I said f--- one time, and sh--- one time—which is nothing. But I've never made negative music, ever.

Did you ever openly talk about your criminal activities in the press and in your music?

Well, but not to glorify it. People think that to be classified as 'tuff' is to be a good rapper or to be a good reggae artist, you gotta go to jail, or you gotta carry a gun, which is not true. I told people that I've been in jail



so that I can tell them, 'don't go there.' There are getting rough and we need entertainers who talk positively. Even Boosy Dogg—I saw him on an interview, and he was asked, 'Who do you love now?' He said, 'Barney I love Barney.' We've got to go more positive, that's all.

So what do you think of Eminem, who has glorified violence in his songs?

If he glorified it, I don't respect that. I respect him as a rapper, he's good.

His lyrics have been deemed violent, misogynist and homophobic—but with the release of the album, it seems he's taking down his act and is being accepted within the mainstream.

Yeah, I haven't seen the movie. But it seems he's a good kid. It looks like he's a good father. He's got troubles and stuff in his life. I'd like to sit down with him, and talk to him, because I've been through rough, rough, rough.

Wasn't there a time when you were looking to make a movie about your life?

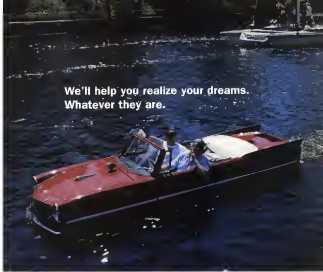
Yeah, I was with Miramax. But then I was kicked out of the U.S. for my criminal record, so Miramax backed off. [After seven years, Snow was allowed back into the country.] But I still want to do it.

What would you tell about your life?

Just when I grew up in Ontario housing—where everybody was just tight, and nobody could walk through there without getting jumped. But then, a lady would come down with her bags, and tough, drunk guys would run around and help her. I'd show how I went to jail, and all the drink and fight and how it changed my life.

What are you looking forward to with this new album?

Going on tour in Europe and Japan with these new eyes. The last time I was there I was drinking and being over the whole thing. I didn't even take one picture.



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Television | Ever good

On due hit WB and CTV show *Everwood*, Gregory Smith and Emily VanCamp play characters with a complicated relationship. Smith is Nathan Brown, an angry teen whose mom has died and whose dad has moved him and his sister from New York City to small-town Colorado. When he meets VanCamp's character, Amy, sparks fly. But she's got her own troubles—her boyfriend, Cole, is in a coma. "Amy's had to grow up very fast," says VanCamp, 16. "That's something I can relate to. The choices I've made have made me grow up quicker than most people my age. But that's not a sacrifice I chose, Amy didn't—she was thrown into this situation."

VanCamp is referring to her decision, at age 11, to move away from home—Port Perry, Ont.—to attend ballet school in Montreal. A couple years later, VanCamp visited an film set, fell in love with acting and was cast on the now-cancelled WB show *Glory Days*. Her family, she says, keeps her grounded. "My dad's the local feed man, an animal veterinarian. So I'll be sitting at a table with network executives one day, but then I'll go home and slug feed with my dad."

When Smith, 18, needs a dose of reality he goes home to Vancouver. Smith's mom got him into acting at age four and they moved to Los Angeles when he was 15. One of his early film roles was *Logan's Run* (hearts). "It's not the kind of work I show off to my

Smith and VanCamp have it all—the on-screen romance and off-screen friendship.

friends," says Smith. But his latest job is work begging about Ephrem, a piano prodigy and confused young man, in the most challenging role Smith's ever had. "The reason I've done have been about the special effects and whatnot," he says. "This is all about the story." Like his character, Smith is intense and shy. "The first time I met Greg he was very reserved," says VanCamp. "We just did our work. But gradually we've become really good friends. And now we're becoming like an old married couple." Off-screen, at least, these two have their relationship all worked out. **SHARBA BENDI**

Books | Art laid bare, from Ian Abudulla to Anders Zorn

Art (Designworld, edited by Robert Bellman, associate dean of 2010 St. Okanagan University College in Kelowna, B.C.), is a marvelous new work of art in itself. The all-in-one guide to the world of art begins with an introduction that tackles head-on modern people's desire for contemporary high art. It then offers informative essays on how to interpret art—the relationship of content, form and context—and descriptions of painting techniques and art movements. Everything from Abstract Impressionism to Victorian to specifically English avant-garde movement gets its page of explanation and a representative painting. And there's a superb series of timelines linking political, scientific and cultural events. But the heart of Bellman's book is its art of world artists. The alphabetical arrangement produces startling juxtapositions—Berroque had boy Caravaggio (and Emily Carr, for instance, an emblematic Canadian Painter). About everything with a Y (Jackson)—that most art world delight to agree or disagree.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	POWELL & COY.
1. THE LAST CHRISTIAN, Guy Vanderhaeghe (25)	1
2. THE KINKY WOMAN, Lisa Fiedler (23)	2
3. THE MOUNTAIN KING, Michael Chabon (26)	3
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Non-fiction

1. THE LAST CHRISTIAN, Guy Vanderhaeghe (25)	1
2. THE KINKY WOMAN, Lisa Fiedler (23)	2
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MOTHER, INTERRUPTED

After 18 years of hands-on parenting, how do you prepare to be downsized?

FIRST, A CONFESSION: In the mother of a single son, I have spent much of the past year longing, unavailingly for the inevitable—namely, my own obsolescence. After 18 years of hands-on mothering, all that bag stuffing, homework monitoring and fair-weather doctored, I have prepared—in being in any one city—to be downsized.

Of course, for years I've known this was coming. Unsurprisingly like chicken pox, it doesn't arrive unbidden in the middle of the night. Somewhere between the twilight of the Laps years and the dawn of the Age of Nirvana, I began to absorb the inevitable truth that one day this cardstock, money boy, who happily referred to himself as an "assisted client," who regularly forgot his lunch, would morph into a person who could set his own alarm and move away. Which is more or less what happened on Labor Day, my son headed off to university with a few family photos, his acoustic guitar and a huge apartment for his new life.

Knowing about something—in this case, what my mother calls the empty nest—and longing are necessary different things. Which is why, when my son decided to come home for a little pre-son visit three weeks ago—stated, not so madly, to coincide with his girlfriend's return as well—as at the main station ahead of schedule. For them, it was a romantic reunion. For me, it felt like Christmas. Outside the screen, I caught a glimpse of him. Good, I thought, he looks healthy. Mom or less the same. No visible scars or piercings. I could see the turned up collar of his winter jacket. So far, so good.

But as he got closer, I caught sight of his face. There were, large and exposed, in a pair of bright blue flip-flops. Flavored blue flip-flops, one or two too small. I didn't ask about them. The word childlike like comes to mind. "Sure you should be wearing those in this weather?" I've asked, bundled behind the wheel in hat, coat and gloves. "Why not?" he shrugged. "That's heated."

Ah, why not? That's heated? That makes

sense? What if it broke down? Do you wear these to class? Don't you remember getting whiplash cough in Grade 5, the year you decided it was uncool to wear a winter coat at school? Aren't you freezing?

Those things I wanted to say, but didn't. I let my tongue. It's been a long time since I was five-year-old. After the mood, we wore raincoats, dark and dark December.

Still, it hasn't been that long since I was officially booked off the worry best of daily motherhood. (Actually, no mother I know has ever looked *here* off.) As Chap, the newly loved son in Jonathan Franzen's *The Corrections*, points out, receiving the notion of gang house for Christmas "Papa has an overwhelming Dawsons head wound preoccupation in their children's welfare. But children, it seems to me, have no corresponding debt to their parents." Which may be why one parent-focused Website cheerfully suggests that empty nests get even, it recommends converting your child's bedroom as soon as possible into "usable space." This, it advises, will keep you from "getting catch-up on past times. Do not worry



Waiting for Santa on Christmas Eve, 1987

about hurting your child's feelings or allowing the space for future sins," it cautions. "Your child will do just fine on a pull-out couch in the basement."

That was no help. My son's room did not make me suddenly feel comfortable. I was suffering not from the empty nest syndrome, but the Stockholm one: a baby had pushed me out of my former life, held me hostage, and I had fallen for my captor. "Don't forget," said his father. "You had a great life before he was born." Here I had a very full life. And a much fuller one afterward.

Clearly, I'm new at this, the adding the habits of daily motherhood. No more playing the Sharpie woman, juggling "lost" textbooks. No playing short-order cook after a deadline day at the office. And no playing bureau alarm clock at 4:45 a.m., to ride the teenage river. These rules I'm, more than I ever thought I would.

All told, in the life of Kate Beatty, working mother, me in the days of booties, and all talk show host debates—yet again—whether women could have it all, I kept thinking of course they can, however easily. Or occasionally. And I, who once had it all, suddenly had less. Just when I felt I had mastered my share of juggling and balancing acts, poof! It was over. Our house grew more still than I ever dreamed it could be. After years of being punctuated by all the random notes of boyhood—from lessons, guitar sessions, bathroom conversations in the kitchen—it fell silent. Not the necessary silence of waiting for a key to turn in a lock, but an unconscious, a million silences.

For me, this was something unexpected. My son was gone around. The day he left, he had declared a farewell gift: a CD inside CD of his favorite music. It was the CD of his heart and his new phone number. His instructions were simple: If I found the house too quiet, I was to put the CD on in his bedroom, and head downstairs so it would sound like he was home. He'd thought ahead.

Which is why, three months later, I dropped the subject of the flowered blue flip-flops. It was a clear, beautiful night in my head with north wind howl. My son had been home on the radio. As he hummed quietly, I listened to the sound of his adult voice, beside me in the car. And for a moment, I felt once like his Christmas.

Ami Dowsett Johnson, 48, is a writer at Large at *Atlantic* magazine, is adjusting to the sounds of a record.

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